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THE Young KING: OR, THE MISTAKE

As 'tis acted at his Royal Highneſs The DUKES THEATRE.

Written by *A. Behn.*

LONDON:
Printed for *D. Brown*, at the Black Swan and Bible without *Temple-bar*. *T. Benskin* in St. *Brides* Church-yard *Fleet-ſtreet*. And *H. Rhodes*, next door to the Bear-tavern near *Bride-lane* in *Fleet-ſtreet*.
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PROLOGUE.

Beauty, like Wit, can onely charm when new;
Is there no merit then in being true?
Wit rather shou'd an estimation hold
With Wine, which is still best for being old.
Judgement in both, with vast expence and thought,
You from their native soil, from Paris brought.
The drops that from that sacred Sodom fall,
You like industrious Spiders suck up all.
Well might the French a Conquest here designe,
Were but their Swords as dangerous as their Wine.
Their Education yet is worse than both;
They make our Virgins Nuns, unman our Youth.
We that don't know 'em, think 'em Monsters too;
And will, because we judge of 'em by you.
You'll say, this once was so, but now you're grown
So wise t'invent new Follies of your own:
Their slavish imitations you disdain;
A Pox of Fops that purchase fame with pain:
You're no such Fools as first to mount a Wall,
Or for your King and Country venture all.
With such-like grinning honour 'twas, perchance,
Your dull Forefathers first did conquer France:
Whilst they have sent us in revenge for these,
Their Women, Wine, Religion, and Disease.
Yet for Religion, it's not much will down,
In this ungirt, unblest, and mutinous Town.
Nay, I dare swear, not one of you in Seven,
E're had the impudence to hope for Heaven.
In this you're modest----
But as to Wit, most aim before their time;
And he that cannot spell, sets up for Rhime:
They're Sparks who are of noise and nonsence full,
At Fifteen witty, and at Twenty dull;
That in the Pit can huff, and talk hard words,
And briskly draw Bamboo instead of Swords:
But never yet Rencounter could compare
To our late vigorous Tartarian *War:*
Cudgel the Weapon was, the Pit the Field,
Fierce was the Heroe, and too brave to yield.
But stoutest hearts must bow, and being well can'd,
He cryes, Hold, hold, you have the Fellow down;
All laughing call----
Turn out the Rascal, the eternal Blockhead.
---Sounds, cry Tartarian, *I am out of Pocket:*
Half Crown my Play, Six pence my Orange cost.
Equip me that, do you the Conquest boast.
For which, to be at ease, a gathering's made,
And out they turn the Brother of the blade.
---This is the fruits of idleness and ease.

ACTORS NAMES.

DACIANS.

Queen	of *Dacia*.
Orsames	Her Son, kept from his Infancy in a Castle on a Lake, ignorant of his quality, and of all the World besides; never having seen any Humane thing save onely his old Tutor.
Cleomena	His Sister, bred up in War, and delighted to reign instead of *Orsames*: the Oracle having foretold the bloudy Cruelties should be committed during his short Reign, if ever suffered to wear the Crown.
Honorius	General of the Army, and Uncle to *Orsames* and *Cleomena*.
Olympia	His Daughter, young and beautiful.
Ismenis and *Artabazes*	Two Rival Princes in love with *Cleomena*.
Pimante	A Fop-Courtier.
Arates	A Courtier.
Semiris	Woman to *Cleomena*.
Vallentio	A Colonel of the Army.
	Pages and Attendants.

SCYTHIANS.

King	of *Scythia*.
Thersander	His Son, under the name of *Clemanthis*, when on the *Dacian* side.
Amintas	A young Nobleman, belov'd by *Thersander*, and Lover of *Urania*.
Lysander	Page to *Thersander*.
Urania	In love with *Amintas*.
Lyces	A Shepherdess.
	Souldiers, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, and a Rabble of the Mobile.

SCENE, the Court of *Dacia*, between the two Armies just before the Town.

THE

To Philaſter.

IS the glory of the Great and Good to be the Refuge of the Diſtreſs'd; their Virtues create 'em troubles; and he that has the God-like Talent to oblige, is never free from Impunity, you, *Philaſter*, have a Thouſand ways merited my Eſteem and Veneration; and I beg you wou'd now permit the effects of it, which cou'd not forbear, though unpermitted, to dedicate this youthful ſally of my Pen, this firſt Eſſay of my Infant-Poetry to your excellent Self: 'Tis a Virgin-Muſe, harmleſs and unadorned, unpractis'd in the Arts to pleaſe; and if by chance you find any thing agreable, 'tis natural & unskill'd Innocence. Three thouſand Leagues of ſpacious Ocean ſhe has meaſured, viſited many and diſtant Shores, and found a welcome every where; but in all that vaſt tract of Sea & Land cou'd never meet with one whoſe Perſon and Merits cou'd oblige her to yield her ungarded Self into his protection: A thouſand Charms of Wit, good Nature, and Beauty at firſt approach ſhe found in *Philaſter*; and ſince ſhe knew ſhe cou'd not appear upon the too-critical Engliſh Stage without making choice of ſome Noble Patronage, ſhe waited long, look'd.

Prologue.

look'd round the judging World, and fixt on you. She feared the reproach of being an *American*, whose Country rarely produces Beauties of this kind: The Muses seldom inhabit there; or if they do, they visit and away; but for variety a Dowdy Lass may please: Her youth too should attone for all her faults besides; and her being a Stranger will begit civility, and you that are by nature kind and generous, tender and soft to all that's new and gay, will not, I hope refuse her that Sanctuary I am too sensible she will have need of in this loose Age of Censure. You have goodness enough to excuse all her weaknesses, and Wit enough to defend 'em; and that's sufficient to render her Estimable to all the world that knows the generous and excellent *Philaster*; whilst this occasion to celebrate you under this Name, is both a Pleasure and an Honour to

ASTREA.

THE Young KING: OR, The Mistake.

ACT the First.

SCENE the First. *A Grove neer the Camp.*

Enter Pimante *alone with Letters.*

Pim. GOne! well, I have never the ill luck, I thank my Stars, to meet with any of these mighty men of Valour. —— *Vallentio*, Noble Colonel!

Enter Vallentio.

Vall. Pimante! Whe, what the Devil brought thee to the Camp?

Pim. Affairs, affairs ——

Vall. They must be wondrous pressing that made thee venture; but the Fighting's past, and all the Noise over, every man of Fame gone to receive what's due to his Merit; and the whole Camp looks now like a City in a great Plague, no stirring—— But prithee what's thy business here?

Pim. Why, I brought Letters from the Queen to that same mighty man of Prowess—— what d'ye call him?

Vall. The brave *Clemanthis?*

Pim. The same—— But Colonel, is he indeed so very terrible a thing as Fame gives out?—— but she was ever a notable Wag at History.

Vall. How dare thy Coward-Thoughts venture upon any thing so terrible as the remembrance of that Gallant man? Is not his Name like Thunder to thy Ears? Does it not make thee shrink into thy self?

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Pim. Lord, Colonel, why so hot? 'tis the cursedst thing in the world to be thus continually us'd to fighting; why how uncivil it renders a man? I speak by way of Question.

Vall. Oh! how soft and wanton I could grow in the Description I could make of him.---
He merits all in Peace as well as War:
Compos'd of Charms would take all Womankind,
As those of's Valour overcome the Men.

Pim. Well said i'faith, Colonel; but if he be so fine a man, Why did you not keep him here amongst you to do Execution on the *Scythians*? for I think e're long you'll give 'em Battle.

Vall. The General--- whose noble Life he sav'd,
Us'd all his interest with him, but in vain:
He neither cou'd oblige his stay i'th' Camp,
Nor get him to the Court; Oh! were Loyalty
But like his Actions great, he were a man
To merit *Cleomena*,
Whose Worth and Beauty, as a thing Divine,
I reverence:
But I abhor the feeble Reign of Women;
It foretels the downfal of the noblest Trade---War:
Give me a man to lead me on to Dangers,
Such as *Clemanthis* is, or as *Orsames* might have been.

Pim. Colonel, 'tis Treason but to name *Orsames*, much more to wish he were us King.

Vall. Not wish he were! by all those Gods I will,
Who did conspire 'gainst him in their Oracles.
Not wish him King! yes, and may live to see it.

Pim. What should we do with such a King? The Gods foretel he shall be fierce and bloudy, a Ravisher, a Tyrant o're his People; his Reign but short, and so unfit for Reign.

Vall. The Gods! I'le not trust them for a days Pay--- let them but give one a taste of his Reign, though but for an hour, and I'll be converted to them.

Pim. Besides, he is very ill bred for a King; he knows nothing of a world, cannot dress himself, not sing, nor dance, or play on any Musick; ne'er saw a Woman, nor knows how to make use of one if he had her. There's an old fusty Philosopher that instructs him; but 'tis in nothing that shall ever make a fine Gentleman of him: He teaches him a deal of Awe and Reverence to the Gods; and tells him that his natual Reason's sin---- But, Colonel, between you and I, he'll no more of that Philosophie, but grows as sullen as if you had the breeding of him here i'th' Camp.

Vall. Thou tell'st me heavenly news; a King, a King again! oh for a mutinous Rabble that would break the Prison-walls and set *Orsames* free, both from his Fetters and his Ignorance.

Pim. There is a discourse at Court, that the Queen designs to bring him out, and try how he would behave himself: but I'm none of that Councel; she's like

to

to make a fine Court on't; we have enough in the *Virago* her Daughter, who, if it were not for her Beauty, one would ſwear were no Woman, ſhe's ſo given to noiſe and fighting.

Vall. I never ſaw her ſince ſhe was a Child, and then ſhe naturally hated *Scythia.*

Pim. Nay, ſhe's in that mind ſtill: and the ſuperſtitious Queen, who thinks that Crown belongs to *Cleomena*---

Vall. Yes, that was the promiſe of the Oracle too.

Pim. Breeds her more like a General than a Woman: Ah how ſhe loves fine Arms! a Bow, a Quiver; and though ſhe be no natural *Amazon*, ſhe's capable of all their Martial Fopperies.

---But hark; what noiſe is that? [*Song within.*

Vall. 'Tis what we do not uſe to hear.---- Stand by.

SONG.

1.

Damon, *I cannot blame your will,*
'Twas Chance and not Deſign did kill;
For whilſt you did prepare your Arms
On purpoſe Celia *to ſubdue,*
I met the Arrows as they flew,
And ſav'd her from their harms.

2.

Alas, ſhe could not make returns,
Who for a Swain already burns:
A Shepherd who does her careſs
With all the ſofteſt marks of Love,
And 'tis in vain thou ſeek'ſt to move
The cruel Shepherdeſs.

3.

Content thee with this Victory,
I'm young and beautiful as ſhe;
I'll make thee Garlands all the day,
And in the ſhades we'll ſit and ſing.
I'll crown thee with the pride o'th' Spring.
When thou art Lord o'th' May.

Enter Urania, *dreſt gay*--- Lyces *a Shepherdeſs.*

Ly. Still as I ſing you ſigh.

Uran. I cannot hear thy Voice, and the returns
The Ecchoes of theſe ſhady Groves repeat,
But I muſt find ſome ſoftneſs at my Heart:

--Wou'd I had never known another Dwelling,
But this too happy one where thou wert born. [*Sighs.*

Ly. You sigh again: such things become none but unhappy Maids that are forsaken; your beauty is too great to suffer that.

Ura. No Beauty's proof against false perjur'd man.

Ly. Is't possible you can have lost your Love?

Ura. Yes, pretty Maid, canst tell me any tidings of him?

Ly. I cannot tell; by what marks do you know him?

Ura. Why by these:---- A tempting Face and Shape:
A Tongue bewitching, soft, and Breath as sweet
As is the welcome Breeze that does restore
Life to man half kill'd with heat before:
But has a Heart as false as Seas in Calms,
Smiles first to tempt, then ruines with its Storms.

Ly. Oh fair *Urania!* there are many more
So like your Love, if such a one he be,
That you would take each Shepherd to be he:
'Tis grown the fashion now to be forsworn;
Oaths are like Garlands made of finest Flowers,
Wither assoon as finish'd;
They change their Loves as often as their Scrips,
And lay their Mistresses aside like Ribbons
Which they themselves have sullied.

Pim. Gad I'll venture in---

Vall. Fair Women, and so near the Camp!
What are ye, and from whence?

Pim. Ha! 'tis no matter for that; ask no Questions, but fall to. [*Goes to* Lyces.

Ura. I'm not asham'd to tell thee one or t'other;
I am a Maid, and one of gentle birth,
A *Scythian* born, and Enemy to thee,
Not as thou art a Man, but Friend to *Dacia.*

Vall. What sin have I committed, that so fair a creature should become my Enemy? but since you are so, you must be my Prisoner, unless your Eyes prevent me, and make me yours.

Pim. How, take a woman Prisoner! I hope you're a finer Gentleman than so.

Vall. But, Madam, do not fear; for I will use you
As well as such a man as I can do.

Ura. Though thou be'st rough, thou hast a Noble look,
And I believe my treatment will be gentle.

Vall. Fair Maid, this confidence is brave in thee;
And though I am not used to make returns
Unless in Thunder on my Enemies,
Yet name the way, and I will strive to serve you.

Ura. Then Sir, I beg not you would set me free,
Nor yet retain me here a Prisoner;
But as thou'rt brave, conduct me to the Castle on the Lake,

Where

Where young *Amintas* lies, the ſpoil of War.
Vall. *Amintas*, Madam, is a gallant Youth,
And merits more from Fortune than his Chains;
But I could wiſh (ſince I have vow'd to ſerve you)
You would command me ſomething
Worthy your Beauty and that Reſolution.
Ura. There is no other way to do me ſervice.
Vall. Then moſt willingly I will obey you.
Ura. But, Sir, I beg this Virgin may depart,
Being a *Dacian*, and a neighbouring Villager.
Vall. All your Commands ſhall ſtrictly be obey'd.
Pim. Pox on her, ſhe's coy, and let her go: Well Colonel!
I doubt you'll be for the Queen by and by.
Ura. Here--- take this Jewel as a part of payment
For all thy goodneſs to an unknown Maid. [*To* Lyces.
And if by chance I ever ſee thee more,
Believe me, *Lyces*, I will quit the ſcore. [*Exit* Lyces *weeping.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Second. *A Grove of Trees.*

Within the Scence lies Therſander *ſleeping, his Cap and Feather at a diſtance from him.*

Enter Cleomena *dreſt like an* Amazon *with a Bow in her hand, and a Quiver of Arrows at her back, with* Semiris *attired like her.*

Cleo. I'm almoſt tired with holding out the chaſe.
Sem. That's ſtrange! methought your Highneſs followed not ſo faſt to day as I have ſeen you heretofore.
Cleo. I do not uſe to leave the Game unvanquiſh'd,
Yet now by what ſtrange inclination led
I know not,
The ſport growing dull, I wiſh'd to meet a place,
Far from the noiſe and buſineſs of the day:
Haſt thou ti'd faſt my Horſes?
Sem. Madam, I have.
Cleo. What place is this, *Semiris?*
Sem. I know not, Madam, but 'tis wondrous pleaſant!
Cleo. How much more charming are the works of Nature
Than the productions of laborious art!
Securely here the wearied Shepherd ſleeps,
Guiltleſs of any fear, but the diſdain
His cruel Fair procures him;

How

How many Tales the Ecchoes of these Woods
Cou'd tell of Lovers if they wou'd betray,
That steal delightful hours beneath their Shades!
Sem. You'd rather hear 'em eccho back the sound
Of Horns and Dogs, or the fierce noise of War.
Cleo. You charge me with the faults of Education,
That couzening form that vails the face of Nature,
But does not see what's hid within, *Semiris:*
I have an Heart all soft as thine, all woman,
Apt to melt down at every tender object:
---Oh *Semiris!* there's a strange change within me.
Sem. How, Madam!
Cleo. I would thou knew'st it;
Till now I durst do any thing--but fear,
Yet now I tremble with the thoughts of telling thee
What none but thou must know--- I am in love.
Sem. Why do you blush, my Princess, 'tis no sin;
But, Madam, who's the happy glorious object?
Cleo. Why? canst thou not guess then?
Sem. How is it possible I should?
Cleo. Oh Gods! not guess the man,
Or, rather think some God! Dull stupid Maid,
Hast thou not heard of something more than mortal?
'Twixt Humane and Divine! our Countries Genius,
Or a young God of War! not heard of him!
Sem. 'Tis not Prince *Artabaces*, or *Ismenes?*
Cleo. Away, thou angerst me.
Sem. Pardon me, Madam,
It can be none at Court, if none of these;
And all besides are much below that glory.
Cleo. What call'st thou much below? mistaken thing;
Can a gay name give Virtue, Wit, or Beauty?
Can it gain Conquest, or in Fields or Courts?
No nor defend its own fantastick owner.
---Come, guess again.
Sem. I can guess no further than a man, and that I'm sure he is.
Cleo. I know not---
For yet I never saw him, but in's Character,
Unless sometimes in Dreams.
Sem. Is't not enough he conquers where he comes,
But that his Fame prevents his Sword and Eyes?
Perhaps his person may not be agreeable;
The best in Camps are not the best in Courts.
Cleo. So brave a mind must have as brave an out-side.
---My Uncle's Letters from the Camp contain
Nothing but wonders of his worth and valour,

And 'tis impoſſible but ſuch a man
Muſt merit Love as well as admiration.
Sem. Does he not come to Court?
Cleo. The Queen has made him many invitations;
But he, for ſome unknown, and cruel cauſe,
Humbly implores her pardon for refuſing,
Nor can the General learn his quality.
But like his deeds, believes it muſt be great.
Sem. 'Tis moſt likely; but I ſhould never fall in love with Fame alone.
Cleo. I hope it is not Love--- but ſtrange curioſitie
To ſee this brave Unknown--- And yet I fear---
I've hid this new impatience of my Soul,
Even from thee, till it grew too importunate;
And ſtrove by all my lov'd divertiſements
To chaſe it from my Boſom, but in vain!
'Tis too great for little Sports to conquer,
The Muſick of the Dogs diſpleas'd to day,
And I was willing to retire with thee,
To let thee know my ſtory:
And this lone Shade, as if deſign'd for Love,
Is fitteſt to be conſcious of my crime:
---Therefore go ſeek a Bank where we may ſit,
And I will ſigh whilſt thou ſhalt pity me. [---*Stands with her Arms acroſs.*
Sem. See, Madam, what I've found! [Sem. *looks about, finds the Cap and Feathers.*
Cleo. 'Tis a fine Plume, and well adorn'd,
And muſt belong to no uncommon man:
----And look, *Semiris*, where its Owner lies----
----Ha! he ſleeps, tread ſoftly leſt you wake him:
---Oh Gods! who's this with ſo divine a Shape?
Sem. His Shape is very well.
Cleo. Gently remove the Hair from off his Face, [Sem. *puts back his hair.*
And ſee if that will anſwer to the reſt:
---All lovely! all ſurpizing! oh my Heart,
How thou betrayſt the weakneſs of our Sex!
---Look on that Face where Love and Beauty dwells---
And though his Eyes be ſhut, tell me, *Semiris*,
Has he not wonderous Charms?
Sem. Yes, Madam; and I wou'd excuſe you if you ſhould now fall in love, here's ſubſtance; but that ſame Paſſion for Fame alone, I do not like.
Cleo. Ah do not call my bluſhes to my Face,
But pardon all my weakneſs:
May not my Eyes have leave to gaze a while?
Since after this, there's not another object
Can merit their attention----
---But I'll no longer view that pleaſing form--- [*Turns from him.*
---And yet I've loſt all power of removing--- [*Turns and gazes.*

Even

Even now I was in love with meer Report,
With Words, with empty Noise;
And now that Flame, like to the breath that blew it,
Is vanish'd into Air, and in its room
An Object quite unknown, unfam'd, unheard of
Informs my Soul: how easily 'tis conquered!
How angry am I with my Destiny!
Till now, with much disdain I have beheld---
The rest of all his Sex, and shall I here
Resign a Heart to one I must not love?
Must this be he must kill the King of *Scythia?*
For I must lay no claim to any other:
Grant, oh ye Gods, who play with Mortals thus,
That him for whom you have design'd your Slave
May look like this Unknown,
And I'll be ever grateful for the bounty;
--- But these are vain imaginary Joys. [Therſander *wakes, rises, and gazes.*
Therſ. ---Am I awake, or do my Dreams present me
Idea's much more bright and conquering
Than e'er approach'd my waking sense by far?
---Sure 'tis *Diana*, the Goddess of these Woods,
That beauty and that dress confirm me 'tis; [*Kneels.*
---Great Goddess, pardon an unlucky Stranger,
The errours he commits 'gainst your Divinity,
Who, had he known this Grove had Sacred been,
He wou'd not have prophan'd it by his presence.
Cleo. Rise, Sir, I am no Deity, ---
Or if I were, I could not be offended [*Rises.*
To meet so brave a man---- Gods, how he looks!
Therſ. Can you be mortal!
What happy Land contains you? or what men
Are worthy to adore you?
Cleo. I find you are a stranger to this place,
You else had known me to be *Cleomena.*
Therſ. The Princess *Cleomena!* my mortal Enemy! [*Aside.*
Cleo. You seem displeas'd at the knowledge of my Name;
But, give me leave to tell you, yours on me
Would have a another sense.
Therſ. The knowledge of your Name has not displeased me; [*Kneels.*
But, Madam, I had sooner took you for
The Soveraign of the world than that of *Dacia*;
Nor ought you to expect less Adoration
From all that world, than those who are born your Slaves;
---And amongst those devout ones number him
Whose happy fate conducted to your Feet,
And who'll esteem himself more fortunate,

If by that little service he had rendred you,
Clemanthis Name have ever reach'd your Ear.
Cleo. Clemanthis! what cou'd the Gods do more, [*Aside.*
To make me ever bless'd!----Rise noble Youth--- [*Raises him.*
Cou'dst thou salute me Mistriss of the world,
Or bring me news of conquest over *Scythia*,
It wou'd not reach so kindly to my Soul,
As that admir'd illustrious name of thine:
This Crown's in debt to your all-conquering Sword;
And I'm the most oblig'd to make Returns,
Which if you knew me, sure you would not doubt,
If to those Favours you've already done us,
You'll add one more, and go with me to Court.
Therf. To th' Court! to th' utmost bounds of all the Universe,
At your command, through dangers worse than Death,
I'd flie with hasty Joy---
Like Gods, do but decree, and be obey'd.
Sem. Madam, the Company we left are coming this way, and with them Prince *Honorius*.
Therf. The General here so soon! [*Aside.*

Enter Honorius, Ismenes, *Women and Huntsmen.*

Cleo. Welcome, victorious Uncle. [Hon. *Kisses* Cleo.'s *hand.*
Hon. Madam, I heard the noise of Horns and Dogs,
And thought your Highness was abroad to day;
Following the cry, it brought me to this Company
Who were in search of you, and 'twas my duty to attend them.
---My gallant Friend *Clemanthis* here!
This was above my hopes: let me embrace thee,--
And tell thee with what joy I find thee in the presence
Of my fair Niece, who must prevail upon you
To wait on her to Court; what I cou'd not intreat, let her command.
Therf. Where Duty and my Inclination leads me,
There needs no invitation.
Cleo. Already, Uncle, he has promis'd it.
Ism. Sir, is this the man to whom all *Dacia* is so much obliged?
Hon. This is that gallant man whose single valour
Has gain'd the Victory over the *Nomades*,
Who kill'd their King, and scatter'd all their Forces;
And when my feeble strength (which Age and Wars
Had made unfit for mighty Toyls) grew faint,
He, like *Æneas*, bore my aged Limbs
Through all the fiery dangers of the Battle.
Therf. Too much you've said to my advantage, Sir,
Robbing the Gods and Fortune of their glory.
Ism. Rank me amongst your Captives; for I find
Whether you fight, or not, you must be Victor. [*Embraces* Therf.

Enter Vallentio, Urania, Pimante: Val. *kneels, and delivers* Urania *to the Princess.*

Cleo. What new encounter's this?

Vall. I need not ask where I should pay my duty;
My wonder will direct me to your feet.

Cleo. Who knows the man that makes me such a present?

Hon. Madam, he is an Officer of mine,
A worthy gallant fellow;
But one that hardly knows what Cities are,
But as h'as view'd 'em through their batter'd Walls,
And after joyn'd 'em to your Territories.

Cleo. Rise, high in her esteem that loves a Souldier. [*He rises.*

Vall. I need say nothing for my Prisoner, Madam,
Whose looks will recommend her: only this,
It was against my will I made her so,
Who ne'er refus'd, till then, to take your Enemies.

Ther. It is *Urania*, she'll know me, and betray me. [*Aside.*

Cleo. Say, lovely Maid, whom, and from whence thou art?

Ura. A *Scythian*, Madam, and till now your Foe.

Pim. Aye, Madam, we took her, we took her.

Cleo. So fair an one must merit my esteem:
I hope there are not many such fine Creatures
Brought into th'Camp against us; if there be,
The *Scythians* cannot doubt of Victory.
---Thy Name and business here?

Ura. Urania, Madam---
My story were too tedious for your Ear,
Nor were it fit I should relate it here.
---But 'tis not as an Enemy I come,
'Tis rather, Madam, to receive my doom;
Nor am I by the chance of War betray'd,
But 'tis a willing Captive I am made:
Your Pity, not your Anger I shall move,
When I confess my fault is onely Love:
Love to a Youth who never knew till now
How to submit, nor cou'd to ought but you:
---His Liberty for Ransom you deny;
I dare not say that this is cruelty,
Since yet you may be pleas'd to give me leave
To die with him with whom I must not live.

Ther. Excellent Maid! what generosity her Love has taught her! [*Aside.*

Cleo. That you esteem me, cruel is unkind,
But faults of Lovers must forgiveness find:
Amintas Chains had far more ease been,
Had he been less a Favourite to his King;
---But you, *Urania*, may perhaps redeem
That Captive which I wou'd not render them.

Ura.

Ura. Madam, this bounty wou'd exceed belief,
But you too generous are to mock my grief:
And when you shall m'unhappy story learn,
'Twill justifie my Tears, and your concern.
Cleo. I need no Arguments for what I do,
But that I will, and then it must be so.
Ura. The Prince of *Scythia* in the Camp of *Dacia!*
If I could be mistaken in that form,
I'd hate my Eyes for thus deluding me:
But Heaven made nothing but *Amintas* like him. [*Aside.*
Cleo. Come, let's to Court, by this the Queen expects us:
---You my fair Prisoner must along with me: [*Takes her hand.*
---Thy hand, *Clemanthis*, too--- Now tell me, Uncle, [*Takes him with the other hand.*
---What *Scythian* that beholds me thus attended,
Would not repine at my felicity,
Having so brave a Friend, so fair an Enemy. [*Exeunt.*

ACT the Second.

SCENE the First. *A Castle or Prison on the Sea.*

After a little playing on the Lute----

Enter Orsames *with his Arms across looking melancholy, followed by* Geron *with a Lute in his hand.*

Ors. I Do not like this Musick;
It pleases me at first,
But every touch thou giv'st that's soft and low
Makes such impressions here,
As puzzles me beyond Philosophie
To find the meaning of;
Begets strange notions of I know not what,
And leaves a new and unknown thought behind it,
That does disturb my quietness within.
Ger. You were not wont to think so.
Ors. 'Tis true---
But since with time grows ripe and vigorous,
And will be active, though but ill employ'd.
---*Geron*, thou'st often told me,
That this same admirable frame of Nature,

This order and this harmony of things,
Was worthy admiration,
---And yet thou ſayſt all men are like to us,
Poor, inſignificant Philoſophers.
I, to my ſelf could an Idea frame,
Of man, in much more excellence.
Had I been Nature, I had varied ſtill,
And made ſuch different characters of men,
They ſhould have bow'd and made a God of me,
Ador'd, and thank'd me for their great creation:
---Now, tell me, who's indebted to her bounties?
Whoſe needleſs bleſſings we deſpiſe, not praiſe.
Ger. Why, what wou'd you have done had you been Nature?
Orſ. Some men I wou'd have made with mighty Souls,
With thoughts unlimited by Heaven or Man;
I wou'd have made 'em ---as--- thou paint'ſt the Gods.
Ger. What to have done?
Orſ. To have had dominion o'er the leſſer world,
A ſort of men with low ſubmiſſive Souls,
That barely ſhould content themſelves with life,
And ſhould have had th'infirmities of men,
As fear, and awe, as thou haſt of the Gods;
And thoſe I wou'd have made as numberleſs
As Curls upon the face of yonder Sea,
Of which each blaſt drives Millions to the Shoar,
Which vaniſhing, make room for Millions more.
Ger. But what if theſe, ſo numerous, though ſo humble,
Refuſe obedience to the mighty few?
Orſ. I would deſtroy them, and create anew.
---Haſt not obſerv'd the Sea?
Where ev'ry Wave that haſtens to the Bank,
Though in its angry courſe it overtake a thouſand petty ones,
How unconcern'd 'twill triumph o'er their ruine,
And make an eaſie paſſage to the Shore,---
Ger. Which in its proud career 'twill roughly kiſs,
And then 'twill break to nothing.
Orſ. Why, thou and I, though tame and peaceable,
Are mortal, and muſt unregarded fall:
---Oh that thought! that damn'd reſiſtleſs thought!
Methinks it haſtens fate before its time,
And makes me wiſh for what I fain wou'd ſhun.
Ger. Appeaſe your ſelf with thoughts of future bliſs.
Orſ. Future bliſs! the Dreams of lazy Fools;
Why did my Soul take habitation here,
Here in this dull unactive piece of Earth!
Why did it not take wing in its Creation,

And ſoar above the hated bounds of this?
What does it lingring here?
Ger. To make it ſelf fit for that glorious end
'Twas firſt deſign'd for,---
By patient ſuffering here.
Orſ. But *Geron*, ſtill to live! ſtill thus to live
In expectation of that future bliſs,
(Though I believ'd it) is a ſort of vertue
I find the Gods have not inſpir'd me with.
Ger. Philoſophie will teach you, Sir---
Orſ. Not to be wiſe, or happy---
I'll hear no more of your Philoſophie.
---Leave me ---For I, of late deſire to be without thee.
Ger. This diſobedience, Sir, offends the Gods---
Orſ. Let 'em do their worſt,
For I am weary of the life they gave.
Ger. He grows too wiſe to be impos'd upon,
And I unable to withſtand his reaſons.--- [Ger. *goes out.*
[Orſ. *lies down on the ground.*

Enter Urania, *and* Keeper.

Keeper. This Ring is ſufficient warrant, and the Path on your right hand will lead you to the Lord *Amintas*--- but have a care you advance no further that way.--- [*Keeper exit.*
Vra. What ſtrange diſorder does poſſeſs my Soul!
And how my bloud runs ſhivering through my Veins,
As if alas 't had need of all its aid,
At this encounter with my dear *Amintas*.
Orſ. Ha! what noiſe is that? [*He rouzes.*
Vra. I heard a voice that way---or elſe it was the fear
This gloomy place poſſeſſes all that enter it:
---Stay, I was forbad that walk---
---Heav'ns! I have forgot which 'twas I ſhould have taken,
I'll call my Love to guide me---*Amintas*, *Amintas*---
Orſ. What voice is that?
Methought it had more ſweetneſs in't than *Gerons*--- [*Riſes, gazes, then runs fiercely to her.*
---Ha---what charming thing art thou?
Vra. 'Tis not *Amintas*--- yet I ſhould not fear,
He looks above the common rate of men.
---Sir, can you direct my way---
To find a Priſoner out they call *Amintas*?
Orſ. --Oh Gods! it ſpeaks, and ſmiles, and acts like me!
It is a man, a wonderous lovely man!
Whom Nature made to pleaſe me.
---Fair thing, pray ſpeak again:
Thy Voice has Muſick in't that does exceed
All *Geron*'s Lutes, pray bleſs my Ears again.

Vra.

Vra. Sir, as you're Noble, as you are a Gentleman,
Instruct me where to find my Lord *Amintas*.
Orſ. Bright Creature! ſure thou wert born i'th' upper world,
Thy Language is not what we practiſe here;
Speak on, thou harmony to every Senſe,
Raviſh my Ear as well as ſight and touch.
Vra. Surely he's mad--- nay, Sir, you muſt not touch me,
Orſ. Perhaps thou art ſome God deſcended hither, [*Retires and bows.*
And cam'ſt to puniſh, not to bleſs thy Creatures;
Inſtruct me how to adore you ſo,
As to retain you here my houſhold-God,
And I and *Geron* ſtill will kneel and pray to you.
Vra. Alas, I am a woman.
Orſ. A Woman! what's that?
Something more powerful than a Deity;
For ſure that word awes me not leſs than t'other.
Vra. What can he mean--- oh I ſhall die with fear--- [*Aſide.*
---Sir, I muſt leave you.
Orſ. Leave me! oh no, not for my future being!
You needs muſt live with me, and I will love you;
I've many things that will invite you to't:
I have a Garden compaſs'd round with Sea,
Which ev'ry day ſhall ſend freſh Beauties forth,
To make thee Wreaths to crown thy ſofter Temples.
Geron ſhall deck his Altars up no more;
The gawdy Flowers ſhall make a Bed for thee,
Where we will wanton out the heat o'th' day---
What things are theſe, that riſe and fall ſo often? [*Touches her Breaſts.*
Like Waves, blown gently up by ſwelling Winds;
Sure thou haſt other wonders yet unſeen,
Which theſe gay things maliciouſly do hide.
Vra. Alas, I am undone, what ſhall I do?--- [*Aſide.*
Orſ. ---Nature, thy conduct's wiſe! nor could thy favours
Be giv'n to one more apprehenſive of 'em!
---Say, lovely Woman! for I am all on fire,
Impatient of delay,
Can you inſtruct me what I am to do? [*Sighs.*
Undreſs, and let me lead thee to my Bed.
Vra. Alas, Sir, what to do? defend me Heav'n! [*Aſide.*
Orſ. Why, I will hold thee--- thus, between my Arms,
---I'll ſee thee ſleep, and wonder at thy form,
---Then wake thee to be gazing on thy Eyes,
---And ſomething more--- but yet I know not what.
Vra. His whole diſcourſe amazes me,
And has more ignorance than madneſs in't:
---But how ſhall I get free?

Orſ. Thou grow'ſt impatient too; come, let us in-- [*Goes to take her in; ſhe*
Ura. Hold off, you are too rude. *ſtrives to get free; he ſtruggles with her.*
Orſ. This is the prettieſt play I e'er was at,
But I ſhall gain the better.--- [*Takes her in his arms to carry her off.*
Ura. Help, help.

Enter Amintas *in Fetters.*

Amin. A womans voice!--- Villain, unhand the Lady.
Orſ. Ha! what new thing art thou?
Amin. One ſent from Heav'n to puniſh Raviſhers.--- [*Snatches* Ura. *while*
Orſ. Thou'ſt call'd up an unwonted paſſion in me, Orſ. *is gazing on him.*
And theſe be the effects on't--- [Orſ. *ſtrikes him: they ſtruggle and fall.*

Enter Geron.

Ger. Hah! what's the matter here? a woman too!
We are undone--- Madam, I pray retire--- [Ura. *goes into* Amin. *Apartment.*
For here's no ſafety for your Sex.
Ura. I gladly take your Counſel.
Orſ. What art thou?
Amin. That which I ſeem to be.
Orſ. Then thou'rt a God; for till I ſaw a woman,
I never ſaw a thing ſo fine as thou:
And 'tis but juſt thou ſhould'ſt be more than mortal,
That durſt command that Creature from my Arms.
Amin. It is the King-- I know it by his Innocence and Ignorance--- [*Aſide.*
---Riſe, I beſeech you, Sir, and pardon me.
Orſ. Sure I could live a year with looking on thee;
---But where's the Creature call'd it ſelf a Woman?
Ger. What woman, Sir?
Orſ. Ha! *Geron*, where's the woman?
Ger. What do you mean, Sir?
Orſ. The Heavenly woman! that was here but now.
Ger. I ſaw none ſuch, nor know I what you mean.
Orſ. Not what I mean? thou could'ſt not be ſo dull:
What is't that I have ſtrove for all this while?
Amin. I'll leave him too, my preſence may be hurtful,
And follow the Lady that's fled to my Apartment. [Amin. *Exit.*
Orſ. Go, fetch the woman, or by Heaven I'll fling thee into the Sea.
Ger. I muſt delude him. [*Aſide.*
Orſ. Fly, why ſtayſt thou dully here? and bring the woman.
Ger. Sure you are Frantick.
Orſ. I am ſo, and thou ſhalt feel th'effects on't,
Unleſs thou render back that lovely Creature.
Ger. Oh! this is perfect madneſs, Sir, you are loſt;
Call back your Noble Temper, and be calm.
Orſ. No, there's a furious Tempeſt in my ſoul,
Which nothing can allay but that fine thing.

Ger.

Ger. Hear reaſon yet--- no Humane being can get entrance here:
Look round this Caſtle, and no other Object
Will meet your Eyes, but a watery Wilderneſs,
And diſtant and unhabitable Lands:
---What Airy Viſion has poſſeſs'd your fancy?
For ſuch the Gods ſometimes afflict men with.
Orſ. Ha! an Airy Viſion!--- oh but it cannot be;
By all that's good, 'twas real Fleſh and Bloud.
Ger. And are you ſure you were awake?
Orſ. As thou art now.
Ger. Then 'twas an Apparition.
Orſ. Away,--- thou'ſt often told me of ſuch fooleries,
And I as often did reprove thee for't.
Ger. From whence, or how ſhould any living thing get hither?
Orſ. It dropt, perhaps, from Heaven, or how I know not;
But here it was, a ſolid living thing:
You might have heard how long we talk'd together.
Ger. I heard you talk, which brought me to this place,
And found you ſtruggling on the ground alone:
But what you meant I know not.
Orſ. ---'Tis ſo— I grant you that it was a Viſion ——
—— How ſtrong is Fancy!---yet---it is impoſſible---
Have I not yet the muſick of its words?
Like anſwering Ecchoes leſs'ning by degrees,
Inviting all the yielding ſenſe to follow;
Have not my Lips (that fatally took in ——
Unreſt from ev'ry touch of that fair Hand)
The ſweet remains of warmth receiv'd from thence,
Beſides the unerring witneſs of my eyes?
And can all theſe deceive me? tell me, can they?
Ger. Moſt certainly they have.
Orſ. Then, let the Gods take back what they ſo vainly gave.
Ger. Ceaſe to offend, and they will ceaſe to puniſh.
Orſ. But why a Woman? cou'd they ſecure my Faith
By nothing more afflicting?
Ger. Shapes divine are moſt perplexing.
To Souls, like yours, whom terrours cannot fright,
It leaves deſires of what it cannot gain,
And ſtill to wiſh for that——
Is much the greateſt torment of the mind.
Orſ. Well ſaid---but *Geron*, thou'ſt undone thy aim,
And us'd the onely argument cou'd invite me
T'offend again, that thus I might be puniſht:
The Gods themſelves invite me to the ſin;
Not ſee'ng a Woman, I ne'er had guilty bin.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE the Second.

Enter Amintas *in Fetters with* Urania.

Amin. My gallant Maid! this generosity,
Above thy Sex, and much above my merit,
I never can repay: my dear *Urania*,
Thou didst out-do thy Sex before in beauty,
In all the Charms that makes 'em so ador'd:
But this last act, this noble mark of Love,
Begets a reverend wonder in my Soul,
And I beheld thee as some sacred thing,
That — this way should be worship'd — [*Kneels and kisses her hand*

Ura. I'm glad you have so kind a sense of that
Which ev'ry Maid that lov'd like me wou'd do:
What cou'd you less expect--- ah my *Amintas*,
That fatal night before our Wedding-day,
Being alarm'd by the Enemy,
And you were sent to try your force with theirs;
My Heart foretold your fate; and that same night
Whose darkness vail'd my blushes all alone,
Drest like a Youth I hasted from the Court,
And being well mounted, soon o'ertook the Army,
When all unknown, I got so neer your person,
That in the fight I had the glory twice
To serve you, when your Horses being kill'd
I still presented you with fresh, whose Riders
Thy Valour had dismounted.

Amin. Oh Gods! wert thou that boy,
Whom oft I said, I thought was sent from Heaven,
And begg'd t'encounter when the Fight was ended?

Ura. The same, 'twas all you'd time to say; for after that
Venturing too far, they took you Prisoner.

Amin. Oh with what shame I look upon your bounty,
Which all my Life's too little to acknowledge:
What follow'd then, my dear fair *Urania?*

Ura. I gladly wou'd have been a Prisoner too,
But I appear'd a poor dejected boy,
That was not worth their Fetters:
——Then I resolv'd upon this last adventure,
To make my applications to the Princess,
Knowing her noble nature;
To try (since mighty Ransoms were refus'd)
What simple Love would do, and in my way

I lighted on a *Druid*, who in's youth
Had liv'd in Courts, but now retir'd to Shades,
And is a little Monarch o'er his Flocks,
To him I told my ſtory, who encourag'd me in my reſolv'd deſign,
And I ſo luckily have made an intereſt
In *Cleomena*'s Heart,
Theſe Chains ſhe'as given me freedom to diſmiſs,
And you muſt only wear Loves Fetters now: [*She takes off his Chains.*
---Come, haſte, *Amintas*, from this horrid place,
And be thy ſelf again, appear in Arms.
The *Scythians* are encampt within thy view,
And ere three births of Day the Armies meet;
Th'event of which, I at the *Druids* Cell
Will wait; ſending continual Vows to Heaven
For thy dear ſafety: there when the Fight is done
I wiſh to meet thee:
—— But now your Country and your King expect you,
And I love glory equal to *Amintas*.

Amin. But yet the generous bounty of the Princeſs
Obliges here, no leſs than duty there;
I know not how the Gods of War to move
To grant me Victor, or the Vanquiſht prove;
My Heart to either is not well inclin'd,
Since--- vanquiſht I am loſt, conquering unkind.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Third. *A Grove.*

Enter Therſander, Lyſander.

Therſ. Urge it no more, *Lyſander*, 'tis in vain,
My Liberty paſt all retrieve is loſt,
But they're ſuch glorious Fetters that confine me,
I wou'd not quit them to preſerve that life
Thou juſtly ſayſt I hazzard by my Love.

Ly. The *Scythian* Gods defend it!

Therſ. The Gods inſpire it, 'tis their work alone:
—— I know ſhe is my Enemy, hates *Therſander*,
Has ſent for all the neighbouring Kings for aid,
That hither *Artabaſes* and *Iſmenes*
Have brought their powers t'aſſiſt her againſt my Crown:
But what of this? ſhe loves me as *Clemanthis*,
Which will ſurmount her hatred to the *Scythians*:
Oh, my *Lyſander*! didſt thou know her Charms,
Thou'dſt alſo know 'tis not a mortal force

That

That can ſecure the Heart: She's all Divine!
All Beauty, Wit, and Softneſs! and ſhe loves!
Already I have found the grateful ſecret:
She ſcorns the little Cuſtoms of her Sex,
And her belief of being ſo much above me,
Permits her to encourage my deſign;
She gives a boldneſs to my baſhful flame,
And entertains me with much liberty.

Ly. Were all this true, you're equally unhappy;
She muſt be onely his that conquers you,
That wins your Crown and lays it at her feet.

Therſ. ——Love ne'er conſiders the event of things,
The Path before me's fair, and I'll purſue it;
Fearing no other forces than her Eyes,
Bright as the Planets under which they're born.

Ly. ---And will you let her know you are in love?

Therſ. ---If all my ſighs, if eyes ſtill fix'd on hers
With languiſhment and paſſion will inform her,
I'll let her know my flame, or periſh in th' attempt.

Ly. ——Dare you declare it as you now appear?
And can you hope, that under the degree
Of what indeed you are, ſhe will permit it?
And your diſcovery is your certain ruine.

Therſ. Thy counſel, dear *Lyſander*, comes too late,
She's in the Grove, where now I muſt attend her,
And ſee where ſhe approaches. ——

Enter Cleomena, Semiris.

Cleo. The Stranger, ſay you, grown of late ſo penſive!
---I muſt enquire the cauſe---what if it ſhou'd be Love?
And that too not for me! hah my *Semiris!*
That thought has giv'n me pains I never felt:
——Gods! why comes he not? I grow impatient now:
---Say, didſt thou bid him wait me in the Grove?

Sem. Madam, I ſpoke to him my ſelf. ——

Cleo. And told him I would ſpeak with him!

Sem. As you commanded me, I ſaid.

Cleo. It ſeems he values my commands but little,
Who is ſo ſlow in his obedience:
——Where found you him?

Sem. I'th' Antick Gallery, Madam.

Cleo. Gallery! what did he there? tell me exactly,
——I have no Picture there.

Sem. Madam, he was viewing that of *Olympia* your fair Couſin,
But for the excellency of the Work, not Beauty.

Cleo. Thou art deceiv'd; viewing her Picture, ſay you?
—— Oh thou haſt touch'd a tender part, *Semiris*;

——But yonder's he that can allay my rage, [*Sees* Therſander.
And calm me into love by every look.
---*Clemanthis*, you abſent your ſelf too much,
From thoſe to whom your preſence is agreeable;
I hear that you are grown retir'd of late,
And viſit ſhady Groves, walk thus--- and ſigh
Like melancholy Lovers;--- has the Court,
(Who for your entertainment has put on
More gayity than in an Age before)
Nothing that can divert you?--- Ceaſe your Ceremony; [*Bows low.*
I am your Friend, and if ought harbour there,
Within that ſullen Breaſt, impart it here ——
And I'll contribute any thing to eaſe you.
——Come--- boldly tell thy griefs;
I have an intereſt in thy noble life:
---Perhaps, ſince you are arriv'd at Court, you've ſeen
Some Beauty that has made a conqueſt o'er your Heart;
---Who e'er ſhe be, you cannot fear ſucceſs.
Therſ. The honours you have heap'd upon your Slave,
Have been ſufficient
To have encourag'd any bold attempt;
And here are Beauties would transform a God,
Much more a Souldier, into an amorous ſhape;
---But I confeſs, with ſhame, I brought no Heart
Along with me to Court, and after that
What acceptable Sacrifice can I offer?
This makes me ſhun the pleaſures of your Court;
And ſeek retirements ſilent as my griefs.
Cleo. It ſeems you were a Lover e'er I ſaw you,
And abſence from your Miſtreſs makes you languiſh.
Therſ. Ah, Madam, do not ask me many queſtions,
Leſt I offend where I ſhould merit pity.
The boldneſs may arrive unto her knowledge,
And then you'll loſe the humbleſt of your Creatures;
Whilſt, as I am, I may among the crowd
Of daily Worſhippers, pay my Devotions.
Cleo. Give me your hand, we'll walk a little: [*They go and ſit down on a Bank.*
---How do you like this Grove?
Therſ. As I do every place you're pleas'd to bleſs.
Heaven were not Heaven were Gods not preſent there;
And where you are, 'tis Heaven every where.
Cleo. Look *Clemanthis*--- on yonder tuft of Trees,
Near which there is a little murmuring Spring,
From whence a Rivolet does take its riſe,
And branches forth in Channels through the Garden;
---'Twas near a place like that--- where firſt I ſaw *Clemanthis*. [*Sighing.*
Therſ. Madam, be pleas'd to add, 'twas alſo there *Clemanthis.*

Clemanthis left his Liberty at the feet
Of Divine *Cleomena !*
And charg'd himſelf with thoſe too glorious Chains
Never to be diſmiſt but with his Life. [*She riſes in anger, he kneels.*
Cleo. How, *Clemanthis ?*
Therſ. Ah! Madam, if I too preſumptuous grow,
From your Commands, and all your bounties to me,
You ſhould forgive the pride you do create,
And all its ſtrange effects :
Which if I have miſtaken, let me die.
Onely this mercy grant me, to believe,
That if our Adorations pleaſe the Gods,
Mine cannot be offenſive to my Princes,
Since they are equally Religious.
Cleo. Stranger--before I puniſh thy preſumption,
Inform me who it is that has offended :
Who giving me no other knowledge of him,
Than what his Sword has done---dares raiſe his eyes to me ?
Therſ. Madam, what you demand is juſt,
And I had rather die than diſobey you;
But I am conſtrain'd by a neceſſity
(Which when you know, you certainly will pardon,)
For ſome time to conceal my birth and name.
Cleo. Till then, you ſhould have kept your flame conceal'd,
'T had been leſs diſobliging from a criminal one
Whoſe quality had juſtifi'd his boldneſs.
Therſ. Ah ! Madam, wou'd Heaven and you wou'd find no other difficulty,
Than want of quality to merit you.
Cleo. I muſt confeſs, *Clemanthis*, with a bluſh,
That nothing of the reſt diſpleaſes me.
Therſ. Ah, Madam, how you bleſs me!
And now with confidence I dare aſſure you,
That which ſhould render me more worthy of you,
Shall be in me found more to your advantage,
Than in thoſe Princes who have taken on 'em
The glory of your Service.
Cleo. As I am very reaſonable, and do act
With more Sincerity than Artifice,
I'll now deſire no more,
But have a care you uſe my bounty well ;
For I am now grown kind enough to think
That all you ſay is true.
Therſ. Madam, baniſh me your preſence, as the man
Of all the world unworthy to adore you,
If I preſent not to you in *Clemanthis*
A man enough conſiderable to hope.

Cleo.

Cleo. But oh! *Clemanthis*, I forget my fate,
My Deſtiny depends upon my people:
Urg'd by the Queen, they've made a reſolution
To give me to that Prince who does moſt powerfully
Advance the ruine of the King of *Scythia.*
Therſ. Madam, I am not ignorant of the Conditions
That are impos'd on thoſe pretend to you;
I will not onely ſerve you in this War,
With more ſucceſs than any,
But ſet the Crown of *Scythia* on your head.
Cleo. That's bravely ſaid.
Therſ. Perhaps, it ſeems extravagantly ſpoken,
In the condition you behold me now;
But here I vow--- I never will demand [*Kneels.*
The Divine *Cleomena* till I have crown'd her---
Yes, Madam, till I have crown'd her Queen of *Scythia*,
---Till then--- give me but hope--- enough to live--- [*Riſes.*
Cleo. That's to your Paſſion due; and when I know
Who 'tis I favour,--- I will more allow.
Sem. Madam--- the Queen is here---
Enter Queen, Honorius, Artabaſes, Iſmenis, *Guards*, *Attendance*, &c.
Queen. I'm glad to ſee ye all in readineſs;
To morrow I intend to be i'th' Camp,
---And *Cleomena* is your General,
Since 'tis her Cauſe we fight, it is but juſt
She ſhare the danger of it with the glory.
Arta. We all approve it, Madam, and are proud
Fair *Cleomena* ſhall a witneſs be
Of what we do to ſerve her,
And ſee the eaſie Conqueſt we ſhall make
Upon the perſons of her Enemies.
Hon. I know not, Sir, what you may do,
But we have found it not ſo eaſie.
Arta. Oh there's no doubt but we'll depopulate *Scythia*,
And lead its King, with the vain Prince his Son,
Loaden with Irons to adorn your Triumphs.
Therſ. Madam, I muſt confeſs your force is great,
And the aſſiſtance of theſe men, conſiderable;
Yet I adviſe your Majeſty to prepare
For the defeat of the great King of *Scythia*,
As to a buſineſs much more difficult
Than they preſent it to you; for I know
The Forces of that Nation are not leſs. [*Looks with ſcorn on them.*
---Conſider too, that King was never conquered,
Though theſe believe to do't with ſo much eaſe.
I oft have ſeen *Therſander*, that young Prince,

Upon

Upon whoſe Sword Fortune her ſelf depends,
---And I can tell--- he's not eaſily chain'd,
As, *Artabazes*, you imagine him.
Arta. What, do you think to fright us with the praiſes
You give our Enemies ?
---I have heard of that King, and of *Therſander* too ;
But never heard of ſo much Terrour in 'em,
Should make us apprehend an ill ſucceſs:
---And you, *Clemanthis*, do not know us well,
To think we'll tremble for the Prince of *Scythia*,
Though many ſuch as you ſhould take his part.
Therſ. How! many ſuch as I! [*Comes up to his Breaſt.*
Gods! wiſh your ſelves no other Enemies
To joyn with that young Prince ;
To conquer him and many ſuch as I,
Requires a number of ſuch Kings as You.
Iſm. It is too much, *Clemanthis* : were you well
Affected to the Service of the Queen,
You would not thus commend her Enemies.
Therſ. Madam, I humbly beg your pardon,
If I have fail'd in the reſpect I owe you,
By what I've ſaid in favour of your Enemies,
Whom, whilſt you think ſo eaſily o'recome,
You will neglect that power ſhould make you Victor.
Queen. 'Tis virtue, Sir, that makes you give what's due,
Though to th' advantage of thoſe men you hate---
---I muſt not have you take ought ill from him--- [*To the King.*
But as you've all unanimouſly joyn'd
To aſſiſt us in this War, ſo all embrace, [Therſ. *ſalutes 'em coldly.*
Be one, and ever Friends.
Brother, I leave the Conduct of this hopeful Army [*To* Hon.
To your unqueſtion'd care ; and if you can,
Oblige this noble Stranger for ever to our ſervice.
Cleo. Uncle, I'le to the Camp with you ;
And you, *Clemanthis*, muſt be near me ſtill. [Therſ. *bows. All go out but* Ther. Hon.
Manent Therſ. Hon. Lyſander.
Hon. Clemanthis, you are troubled.
Therſ. I was a little ruffled, but 'tis gone.
Hon. You ſhould not blame them, Sir, for enjoying you,
A man ſo young, and ſuch a name in War !
Therſ. That, Sir, is onely your eſteem of it.
Hon. No, dear *Clemanthis*, that I may declare
To all the world and thee, how much I prize it
Without conſulting of your Quality,
I'le make you abſolute Maſter of my Fortune.
Therſ. Heavens! whence this generoſity! [*Aſide.*

Hon.

Hon. I have a Daughter, Sir, an onely Child,
Whom all the world esteems a virtuous one,
And for whose love Princes have su'd in vain,
I now with joy will render you in marriage.
Therſ. I am undone----
It is a Princess, Sir, I much admire,
But never durst behold with eyes of love,
A Maid so much above me.
Hon. I am a man, whose martial disposition
Renders unartful in my Language,
I cannot study fineness in my words,
But with sincerity declare my heart,
And do propose this Marriage with *Olympia*
For your advantage and the publick interest,
Besides my own content.
Therſ. Have you considered, Sir, I am below her?
Hon. No more of that, go visit my *Olympia.*
She is prepar'd to give you entertainment. [Hon. *Exit.*
Therſ. Marry *Olympia!*
—— No--- could he with *Olympia* give the world,
I could not love, nor marry her.
---Oh my *Lysander!* what evasion now?
---Didst hear the noble offer of the General?
Ly. I did, great Sir; and what will you return?
Therſ. If I refuse, I must offend the man
To whom of all the world I'm most oblig'd,
And one who knowing me but by my Services,
Offers me what *Therſander* might accept.
Ly. 'Tis fit you should consult the Princess, Sir,
What 'tis you ought to do.
Therſ. I'le take thy counsel--- and wait upon *Olympia:*
---Yes, I will go visit her, though but to prove
No torment can be like dissembled Love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Fourth. *A Chamber.*

Enter Queen, Cleomena, Honorius.

Queen. Is't possible, my Brother, you can have
So great a passion for the publick good?
As willing to sacrifice your Child to its repose,
And make her Arms the soft and easie Chains
To link this gallant stranger to our interest?
Hon. His virtue I prefer above a Crown.
Cleo. You should love Virtue as you ought to love it;

Not

Not give it over-measure,--- But are you sure he will accept it?
Hon. I am not certain, being not come so far;
But I propos'd it, and no doubt he lik't it.
Cleo. This cannot be his malice; for he was ever noble, [Hon. *talks to the Queen.*
But false or fain'd, I can endure no more on't;
---By Heaven this Stranger's false! false as his name!
---*Semiris* found him gazing on her Picture:
---'Tis so--- he loves *Olympia!*
And when I askt the Name of her he lov'd,
I urg'd it with such softness in my eyes,
That he in pity of me swore 'twas I:
---Now can I find how much my Soul's possest
With love, since 'tis with jealousie oppress. [*Goes out.*
Queen. How do you like the Trial of *Orsames*
Which I intend to make?
Hon. You'll both oblige your people, and do a Mothers dutie.
Queen. You know 'twas not the Tyrant in my nature
That from his infancie has kept him ignorant
Of what he was--- but the Decrees of Heaven.
Hon. Madam, 'tis true; and if the Gods be just,
He must be King too, though his Reign be short:
You cannot alter those Decrees of Heaven.
Queen. The Gods are witness how these eighteen years
I have with much regret conceal'd his birth.
Hon. You know the last defeat the *Scythians* gave us,
Th' impatient people broke the Castle-gates,
And against all your powers were ready to have crown'd him;
And should we now be conquer'd, nothing less
Will still the mutinous Army: try him, Madam,
He may be fit for great Impressions,
Had he but good examples to dispose him.
Queen. I'le have it done to night:
Heaven, if it be thy will, inspire my son
With Virtue fit to wear his Fathers Crown. [*Exeunt.*

Scene draws off, discovers Thersander *seemingly courting* Olympia. *Enter* Cleomena; *sees them, starts, gazes on them, then goes out unseen; and the Scene closes, and changes to her Apartment:--- She enters in a rage---*

Cleo. Perfidious man! am I abandon'd then? [*Rage.*
Abandon'd for *Olympia*! my Slave---
---And yet I lov'd him more than I did Heaven--- [*Soft.*
And shall he quit me thus?
Without being punisht for this Infidelity?
---No, let me be a shame to all my Sex then---
---Oh, *Clemanthis!* to whom I fondly gave my liberty
When first I saw thee sleeping in the Wood:
---But I grow soft, a passion too unfit

For so much anger as my Soul's possess'd with:
---'Twas but even now, he lov'd me with such Ardor;
And he, who promis'd me the Crown of *Scythia*,
Dar'st thou become unjust, ungrateful Stranger!
Who having rais'd thy Eyes to *Cleomena*,
Would sacrifice her to another Mistress:
---This Heart which ought not to've been given away
But by the Services and Bloud of Kings,
How hast thou lost it on a false Unknown,
Without being paid for it one single sigh---

Enter Therſander: *She draws a Dagger: offers to kill him; but cannot.*

Traitor--- hast thou the impudence to appear before me?
Or, dost thou come to meet thy just reward? [*Offers to stab him.*
---There's something in his looks that does preserve him,
Or, I'm not truly brave, and dare not kill him:
---Go treacherous Unknown, whom I've preferr'd
Before so many Princes, who in vain
Sue for this credulous Heart which thou'st betray'd.

Therſ. Ah! Madam, can you be thus cruel to me,
And not inform me how I have offended?

Cleo. Be gon, I say, if thou wou'dst save a life
Which those that dare do evil fear to lose.

Therſ. Those Eyes thus ordered are far worse than death:
End what you have so well begun,
And Kill me:
Yet from anothers hand
The blow would be less cruel.

Cleo. Oh Impudence!
Still he wou'd cheat my Rage, as he has abus'd my Love;
But, Monster, though thou art below my hand,
I'm yet a Princess, and I can command:
By Heaven I'le try how much rage can invent.
Semiris, call *Olympia* to me straight;
She shall in triumph with me stand and smile,
To see thee by some common Vassal bleed.

Therſ. There needs no other witness of my death,
But her I have offended:
To you alone I offer up my life: for dying,
I've something to relate may justifie your rage,
Though not deserve your pity.

Cleo. Hell!
Now I'm confirm'd, he fears that she should see
Him die, lest it should cost her but a Tear:
---Why should I want the strength!--- [*Offers to present the Dagger.*
---But oh, I cannot:
But canst thou live, false man, and see me frown?

Therſ.

Therſ. No, Madam, I can die---thus--- [*Offers to fall on his Sword.*
Cleo. Stay --
Thou ſhalt not ſo much glory gain :
No, live, and prove wretched enough to know [*Exit raving.*
How very poorly thou haſt loſt my Heart. [Therſ. *gazes after her.*
Therſ. Muſt I then live ?---I will obey---Farewel
The faireſt and unkindeſt of thy Sex ;
If e're it be thy chance to meet with one
That loves more than *Therſander*, if thou canſt
Treat him worſe than thou haſt done me---
For oh ! how miſerable is the wretch, (whoſe prayer
Repuls'd) like me, lives onely to deſpair. [*Exit.*

A C T the Third.

Scene the Firſt.

The Curtain is let down--- being drawn up, diſcovers Orſames *ſeated on a Throne aſleep, dreſt in Royal Robes, the Crown and Scepter lying by on a Table. On either ſide of the Stage Courtiers richly dreſt, and multitude of Lights. Above is diſcovered the* Queen, Olympia, *and Women,* Pimante, Artabazes, Iſmenes: *Soft Muſick plays, whilſt he wakes by degrees, and gazes round about him, and on himſelf with wonder.*

Orſa. ---Gods ! what am I?
---Or, is there any other Gods but I ?
Ger. Yes, my great Lord---
But you're a King, a mighty Monarch, Sir.
Oſa. I underſtand thee, 'tis ſome God thou mean'ſt.
Ger. On Earth it is ; your Power too is as great :
Your Frowns deſtroy, and when you ſmile you bleſs ;
At every nood, the whole Creation bows,
And lay their grateful Tributes at your feet ;
Their Lives are yours, and when you daign to take 'em,
There's not a mortal dares defend himſelf :
But that you may the more reſemble Heaven,
You ſhould be merciful and bountiful.
Orſa. I do believe I am this King thou ſpeak'ſt of.
Ger. Behold this Crown--- this ſacred thing is yours. [*Kneels and gives him the Crown and Scepter ; he puts it on, and walks about.*

Orsa. It is a glorious Object---
And fit for none but me ——
Olim. Madam, methinks the King is the fineſt man
That e'er I ſaw- ſhall he not ſtill be King?
Queen. I hope he will deſerve it.
Orſ. So, now methinks I move like Heaven it ſelf,
All circled round with Stars.
—— Hah!—what's this that kneels? [*The Queen kneels, he ſnatches her up.*
Ger. The Queen your Mother, Sir.---
Orſ. By my great ſelf it is another woman,
Which I have burnt with a deſire of ſeeing:
--Begone, and leave us here alone together;
I've ſomething to impart to this fair thing,
Muſt not be underſtood by you.
Queen. Why, Sir, what is't you can impart to me,
Which thoſe about you muſt not underſtand?
Orſ. A new Philoſophy, inſpired by Nature,
And much above whatever *Geron* taught,
---Come and augment my knowledge.
Queen. Why me, Sir, more than any one about you?
Orſ. Thou art all ſoft and ſweet like ſpringing Flowers,
And gentle as the undiſturbed Air.
Queen. But I am your Mother.
Orſ. No matter! thou'rt a woman, art thou not?
And being ſo, the Mother cannot awe me.
Ger. Sir, 'tis the perſon gave you life and being.
Orſ. That gave me life! oh, how I love thee for't!
Come--- and I'le pay thee back ſuch kind returns ——
Ger. Moſt Royal Sir, this Woman was
Not made by Heaven--- for you.
Orſ. Away with your Philoſophie; but now you ſaid---
I was a King, a mighty God on Earth,
And by that Power I may do any thing.
Ger. But Kings are juſt as well as powerful, Sir.
Orſ. I am ſo to my ſelf, do not oppoſe me.
Ger. Sir, this is one not meant, not form'd for you.
Orſ. Am I a God, and can be diſobey'd?
Remove that Contradictor from my ſight,
And let him live no longer: ha, more Women!
Enter Olympia, *and other Women.*
Oh Nature, how thou'ſt furniſh'd me with ſtore!
And finer far than this —— [*Gazes on* Olympia.
—— But what is that whoſe Eyes give Laws to all,
And like the Sun, eclipſes the leſſer Lights?
Queen. Speak to him, *Olympia.*
Orſ. Who tells me what ſhe is?
Olym. Oh how I tremble!--- Sir, I am a Maid.

Orſ. A Maid ! and may you be approacht with Knees and Prayers? [*Kneels.*
Olym. I am your Slave, you muſt not kneel to me —— [*Takes him up.*
Orſ. How ſoon my Glories vaniſht !
Till now I did believe I was ſome God,
And had my Power and my Divinity
Within my will, but by this awful fear
I find that thou art the greater Deity :
---Pray tell me faireſt, are you not a Woman ?
Olym. I am a Woman, and a Virgin, Sir.
Orſ. I did believe that thou wert ſomething more.
For I have ſeen a woman, and ne'er knew
So much diſorder in my Soul before :
---For every look of thine gives me a pain,
And draws my Heart out of its wonted ſeat.
Olym. Alas, Sir, have I hurt you?
Orſ. Extreamly hurt me, thou haſt a ſecret power,
And canſt at diſtance wound,
Which none but Heaven and you could ever do :
—— But 'twas my fault, had I not gaz'd on thee,
I had been ſtill a King, and full of health.
---Here---receive this Crown, 'tis now unfit for me,
Since thou haſt greater power---whilſt it ſits here--- [*He takes off his Crown, and puts it on her.*
It looks like Stars fal'n from their proper Sphere ;
—— So, now they're fixt again.
Queen. Pimante, ſpeak to him to take it back.
Pim. He kills me with his looks.
---Sir, when you part with this, you'le be deſpis'd ;
Your Glory, and your Thunder, all will vaniſh.
Orſ. I yet have ſomething that ſhall make thee fear,
I am ſtill a King, though I muſt bow to her ;
Take him away to death immediately ——
Pim. Any where to be out of your ſight ——
A King, quotha ! [*Exit.*
Orſ. Come, my fair Virgin, this ſhall be my Altar,
And I will place thee here my Deity.
Queen. Great Sir, that Throne is onely fit for you.
Orſ. I ſay again, I'le have it fit for two:
Thou art a Woman, thank the Gods for that :
---Aſcend, my lovely Virgin, and adorn it :
Aſcend, and be immortal as my ſelf.
Art. That Throne ſhe was not born to.
Ger. Into the Sea with that bold Councellor,
And let him there diſpute with Winds and Waves. [*Art. Exit.*

Being ſeated on the Throne, Enter ſeveral in Maſquerade and dance.

—— Cou'd I be ſenſible of any pleaſure
But what I take in thee, this had ſurpriz'd me.

Olym. A Banquet, Sir, attends you.
Orſ. Diſpoſe me as you pleaſe, my lovely Virgin,
For I've reſign'd my being to your will,
And have no more of what I call my own,
Than ſenſe of Joys and Pains, which you create. [*They riſe, and ſit down at a Banquet. He gazes on her.*
Olym. Will you not pleaſe to eat?
Orſ. It is too groſs a pleaſure for a King:
Sure, if they eat, 'tis ſome Celeſtial Food,
As I do by gazing on thy Eyes---
Ah lovely Maid!---
Olym. Why do you ſigh, Sir?
Orſ. For ſomething which I want; yet having thee,
What more can Heaven beſtow to gratifie
My Soul and Senſe withal?
Olym. Sir, taſte this Wine;
Perhaps 'twill alter that deceiv'd opinion,
And let you know the errour of your Paſſion;
'Twill cauſe, at leaſt, ſome alteration in you.
Orſ. Why ſhould'ſt thou ask ſo poor a proof of me?
But yet, I will obey;---give me the Wine. [*They put ſomething into the Bowl.*
Olym. How do you like it, Sir?
Orſ. Why---well; but I am ſtill the ſame.
Come, give it me again--- 'tis very pleaſant---
Will you not taſte it too?---
Methinks my Soul is grown more gay and vigorous;
What I've drank, has deifi'd thee more,
Heightens the pleaſures which I take to gaze on thee,
And ſends a thouſand ſtrange uneaſie Joys,
That play about my Heart, and more tranſport me:
Drink, my fair Virgin, and perhaps thy eyes
May find ſome Charms in me to make thee thus.
Olym. Alas they've found already but too many. [*Aſide.*
Orſ. I thought I muſt have gaz'd on thee for ever;
---But oh! my Eyes grow heavy in the play,
As if ſome ſtrange Divinity above me
Told me my ſafety lay in their declenſion:
---Is it not Sleep?---Sure Kings do never ſleep;
That were a low ſubmiſſion to a power
A Monarch ſhould deſpiſe--- but yet 'tis ſo:
Ye Gods, am I but mortal then?
Or do you ever ſleep? I find ye do;
But I muſt--- and loſe this lovely object:
Grant, oh ye Gods, that I may find it in a Dream,
Let her Idea hover about my Soul,
And keep it ſtill in this harmonious Order---
---And gently blow the flame 't has kindled there. [*Falls aſleep.*

Enter

Enter Geron, Pimante, *and* Arates.

Pim. Are ye ſure he's aſleep?
Ger. How do you like him, Madam?
Queen. I fear he is a Tyrant in his nature.
Ger. But, ſince he can be tam'd by Love and Beauty,
You ſhould not doubt but he'll be fit to reign.
Queen. Remove him now into his own Apartment,
And ſtill continue to impoſe upon him,
Till you receive new Orders.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Second.

Enter Cleomena, *with a Truncheon in her hand, a Sword and Quiver of Arrows by her ſide, with* Semiris.

Sem. Madam, you are ſad,
As if you doubted your ſucceſs to day.
Cleo. There are ſome moments wherein I do repent me
The too raſh Baniſhment of poor *Clemanthis.*
How did he take the Letter which I ſent?
Sem. As perſons innocent and full of health
Receive unlookt-for Sentences of Death;
He ſigh'd, and ſaid he would obey your will;
And, Madam, had you ſeen his ſilent grief,
You would have thought him innocent.
Cleo. Innocent! baniſh that fooliſh pity from your heart
That would perſwade thee he is innocent:
Did not I ſee him courting of *Olympia?*
And can my Eyes deceive me?
Sem. Olympia, Madam! Gods, what do I hear!
Till now I did not know his fault of baniſhment.
Cleo. And was't not cauſe enough?
Sem. Ah, Madam, what injuſtice have you done?
Before *Clemanthis* came into your Cabinet
He entertain'd me for a pretty while
With the intentions of your generous Uncle,
He told me how he offer'd him *Olympia*,
And that he durſt not ſeem to diſeſteem it,
Being your Uncle, and a man to whom
He ow'd ſo much: but moſt to hide his paſſion;
And then was coming to conſult with you
How he ſhould manage this affair with him.
Cleo. And is this truth thou tell'ſt me, dear *Semiris?*
Sem. Madam, I do not uſe t' abuſe your credit.
Cleo. Fly then, *Semiris*, and reverſe his doom.

Sem.

Sem. Would I knew whither, Madam.
Cleo. Why, is he then no longer in the Camp?
Sem. Ah, Madam, is he longer in the world?
For 'tis impossible to be imagined
He parted hence with any thought of life.
Cleo. Send ev'ry way to find him---hark, I'm call'd--- [*Trumpets sound.*
And he that finds him first, is made for ever.
Oh Jealousie, thou passion most ingrate!
Thy ills procure more mischiefs than thy hate.
'Tis thou art Tyrant, when Love bears the blame,
'Tis pity thou'rt consistent with Loves flame:
I'le not my weakness nor resentment show;
A Heart like mine, shou'd sooner break than bow.
---Come my *Semiris*, we too long have stay'd;
That call, till now, was never disobey'd. [*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

SCENE the Third. *Scythian Tents.*

Enter Amintas, *dress fine, with* Urania.

Ura. Within this Shade till the black day be past,
I will attend thy Fortune, or thy Fate.
Amin. The King has taken horse, the Fight's begun,
And I must leave thee to the Gods and Prayer.
Ura. Why was I made a Woman? or being so,
Why had I not a Masculine courage given me?
That side by side I might have shar'd thy glory,
Or have expir'd together.
Amin. Thou wilt undo me with this tenderness;
Come, send me kindly from thee,
With joys about my Heart that may preserve it;
Here rest till my return; farewel, my fair.
Ura. And if I never see thee more, farewel-- [Amin. *Exit.*
Here I will lay me down, and never rise
Till thou return'st with Lawrel or with Cypress. [*Sits down.*
Now I could curse the Fortune of my Prince,
Who quits a Father for an Enemy,
To satisfie a flame will ruine him. [*A noise of fighting.*
---The Fight increases: oh ye Gods of battle,
In midst of all your rage preserve my Love.

Enter Artabazes *over the Stage, and goes out.*

Arta. My Nephew kill'd! and I dismounted too! oh curst Fate!
Ura. This noise has comfort in't, it sounds like Victory. [*A hollowing within amongst the noise of fighting.*

Enter

Enter Amintas.

---Oh Gods! *Amintas!* what has Fortune done?

Amin. Th'undaunted *Scythians* never loſt the field,
Yet now at firſt 'twas doubtful
To which ſide Fortune would incline her ſelf.
Iſmenis kill'd where e'er he turn'd his Sword,
And quite defeated our Agripian Forces;
Yet was not ſatisfied, knowing the King
To be the price of *Cleomena*'s Heart,
But ſought him out on all ſides,
Whom 'twas not hard to find;
For he was hurrying now from Rank to Rank,
Diſtributing a death to all oppoſers.
But young *Iſmenis* having pierc'd the Squadrons,
And knowing our great King by ſeveral Marks,
Boldly cried out,---Defend the life I claim.
The King made no reply, but at that word
Prepar'd himſelf to fight.

Ura. Thou kill'ſt me, till thou bring'ſt him off again.

Amin. Diſordered thus--- the *Dacians* took advantage,
And charg'd with ſo much vigour---we gave ground,
When on that ſide the ſingle Combat was,
There appear'd a body of two thouſand Horſe,
Led by a man whoſe looks brought Victory,
And made the conquering Foe retire again:
But when he did perceive the King engag'd,
With unreſiſted fury he made up,
And ruſhing in between them,
Gave the young Prince a blow upon his Head,
That ſtruck him from his Horſe.
After this Victory *Therſander*'s Name
Did fly from mouth to mouth,
Inſpiring every *Scythian* with new valour:
He kill'd *Philemon*, and forc'd *Artabazes*
To ſeek his ſafety by his Horſes flight:
---But here's the King,--- retire into this Wood. [*Ura.* exit.

Enter King, Therſander, *Officers and Souldiers.*

King. Let me once more embrace my dear *Therſander.*

Amin. The Prince is wounded, Sir.

King. He is,---but they look lovely on him.

Therſ. They're too ſlight marks to give you of my duty;
Your Majeſty has greater need of care.

King. Thou art my beſt Phyſician, and thy ſight
Heals all the wounds I have: come in with me,
And let me lay thee to my panting Boſom,
Thou great preſerver of my Crown and Life.

Therſ. I'le wait upon you, Sir. [*Exeunt all but* Therſ. *and* Amin.
Now let me take thee to my Arms, my Friend;
For thou art half my ſelf, my dear *Amintas*;
I have ſtrange news to tell thee ſince we parted,
And need thy counſel in an affair of love: ——
——Thou know'ſt my buſineſs to the *Dacian* Court,
Was to have ſet thee free; but oh my Friend!
In lieu of that, I've made my ſelf a Captive.
Amin. Your ſtory, Sir, I know, but heard withal,
The Princeſs did repay your grateful flame.
Therſ. I thought ſhe did: for ſo a while ſhe ſeem'd,
And when I thought my ſelf the moſt ſecure,
Being fortifi'd with all her new-made promiſes,
My blooming hopes were blaſted e'er full blown,
And I receiv'd her Orders for my baniſhment,
Which I as ſoon obey'd: but by the way
I did conceive a thouſand revolutions,
Sometimes to ſerve my Princeſs,---- then my Father;
Sometimes 'twas Nature got the upper hand,
And then again 'twas Love: in this diſpute
I met the Levies of the *Iſadons*,
Who were the laſt of all our Cavalry,
To whom I made me known, and came ſo luckily,
As gain'd the yet-diſputing Victory.
Amin. 'Twas in an happy moment.
Therſ. Thus I compli'd with what I ow'd my duty,
But theſe of Love are ſtill unſatisfi'd;
Dare I, who could offend to that degree
As to deſerve a baniſhment from her,
Approach her uninvited?
Amin. 'Twere dangerous, Sir.
Therſ. Then 'twere the fitter for my enterprize:
---But her diſpleaſure,---oh my *Cleomena!*
If, for the puniſhment of my diſobedience,
You'd onely take away that Life you threaten,
How willingly I would reſign it up,
Rather than undergo this ſeparation!
Amin. You'll certainly expoſe your Life by going:
What other reaſon could ſhe have to baniſh you,
But from her knowledge that you were *Therſander?*
And, Sir, you ſee her paſſion for *Clemanthis*
Could not o'ercome her hatred for her Enemy.
Therſ. No, when I call to mind her cruel words;
If chuſing me before ſo many Kings,
I find 'twas to the Stranger, not the *Scythian*,
She killingly addreſt 'em; therefore I'le venture on in my deſign;

---Give

---Give order that our Horſes be made ready,
Whilſt I excuſe our abſence to the King: our ſtay will not be long,
Mean time it may be thought
We're gone to view the Camp:
Intereſt and Love but rarely do agree,
Yet I muſt reconcile 'em both in me.

SCENE the Fourth. *The Dacian Tents.*

Enter Queen, Cleo. Hon. Arta. Iſm. *Women, Attendants.*

Cleo. 'Twas ſtrangely loſt, and yet I dare affirm
The Victory had been ours but for *Therſander*,
Who like the impetuous Sea oppos'd by Land,
Made breaches and o'reflow'd all that lay near it.
Iſm. I had reveng'd you on the King of *Scythia*,
Had his arrival not prevented me.
Cleo. He is brave, without diſpute.
Iſm. And 'tis as certain that he did ſurpriſe me,
Without permitting time for my defence,
He had not elſe ſo ſoon diſmounted me;
But, Madam, I deſign (if you approve it)
To fight *Therſander* in a ſingle Combat.
Arta. That Juſtice I may hope as well as you;
He kill'd my Nephew, young *Philemon*,
For which I'le be reveng'd.
Queen. I cannot but commend that noble ardor
That carries you to theſe deſigns of glory;
What thinks my Brother of it?
Hon. I like it, if the Victor will accept it.
Cleo. And ſo do I;
And that we may do equal juſtice to you all,
We'll write *Therſander*'s name,
And he who draws that name ſhall fight the Combat.
Hon. But are you ſure he will accept the offer?
Iſm. I dare engage he will.
Cleo. I am of your opinion;
The truly Brave are never proud of Conqueſt.
I'le write his name my ſelf.

Enter Page.

Hon. What Shouts are theſe? [*A ſhout without.*
Page. Madam, *Clemanthis* is arriv'd.
Queen. The news is welcome.
Enter Therſ. *kneels, kiſſes the Queens hand; the ſame to* Cleomena.--- *ſalutes all.*
Therſ. Madam, the great neceſſity which made me leave you---

When I believ'd my self unprofitable,
Could not detain me, when I was assur'd
My Sword could do you service.
Queen. This visit recompences all our loss,
You've made it in a time you may redeem
The opinion your absence almost forfeited.
Hon. Sir, I could chide you too, but that your sight
Changes my Anger into kinder Welcomes.
Therſ. I ought to suffer, Sir, in your opinion,
Till my excuses may redeem my credit.
Cleo. How great at once, and innocent he seems,
And how his Eyes his past offence redeems!
Whilst all my cruelties they seem t' upbraid,
They pardon too the faults themselves have made.
Queen. I'm satisfi'd, and you are fitly come
To share a danger we are now disputing.
Therſ. 'Tis not the danger, Madam, can divert me
From enterprizing ought that is to serve you.
Arta. Madam, consider who we are,
And ought not to be rank'd with one below us.
Therſ. Your honour, *Artabazes*, is too nice;
Would we could find in this dispute, whate'er it be,
That were the greatest difficulty:
---Madam, name your Commands.
Queen. We are drawing of a Lot
To fight *Therſander* in a single Combat.
Therſ. Hah--- *Therſander*, Madam, is a Conquerour.
Iſm. Since you're so nice, we will excuse you, Sir.
Therſ. What an unlucky accident was this!
One moments longer stay had made me happy, [*Aside.*
And rendred up these Rivals to my power.
Hon. Come, Sir, the Lots are ready. [*They draw Lots. It falls to Therſ.*
Therſ. My fears are all compleated,--- [*Aside.*
The Lot is mine.
Cleo. Clemanthis, I'm so sensible of the danger [*Aside to him.*
Whereto you must expose your self for me,
I cannot think with pleasure on the Victory
You possibly may gain.
Therſ. Encourag'd thus, I cannot fail of Conquest: [*Bows to her, and speaks low.*
But, Madam, if *Therſander* be as nice [*Turns to the Queen.*
As these two Princes are, it will be hard
To get him to accept a Challenge from me.
Cleo. Clemanthis deeds has rais'd his fame too high
To be esteem'd unworthy of that Justice;
Nor can we find the *Scythian* Prince a Foe
More equal to his youth and valour too.

Therſ.

Therſ. If Fortune bleſs me with ſucceſs to day,
I'll owe it to your Cauſe, and not my Sword.
Queen. May'ſt thou be ever Victor. [*They lead him out.*
Manent Arta. Iſm.
Arta. My Art ſhall fail me then.
Iſm. You are diſpleaſed, Sir.
Arta. Is that a wonder?
Who can be tame and ſee an unknown Youth,
Who brings no forces but his ſingle Arm,
Raviſh the hope and ſpoil of Victory from us,
And rival us in Love as well as Glory,
Whilſt all our Claims to *Cleomena*'s heart,
Muſt be neglected ſince we want ſucceſs?
Iſm. We could pretend to her no other way.
Arta. Have you, or I, leſs virtue than *Clemanthis?*
Iſm. Yes, if we envy at his merits.
Arta. Purſue your vertuous Road, and in the end
See whether you or I reaches firſt the Goal.
I'll take revenge. [Arta. *exit.*
Iſm. I honour will purſue,
A Path which never led me to Repentance:
---*Clemanthis*, if thy life I baſely fought,
Like him, I'de ſave the hazard of my own;
But as thou't brave, ſo thou ſhalt bravely fall.
Before *Therſander* rob me of thy life,
Or thou the fortune haſt to vanquiſh him---
---And if in this encounter I expire,
I do but fall a Victime to an hopeleſs Fire. [*Exit.*
Scene changes to the Wood, diſcovers Therſ. *and* Amin. *among the Trees, changing Clothes; after which they come forth.*
Therſ. So, now thou doſt appear ſo like *Clemanthis*,
That not a *Dacian* but will be miſtaken in thee.
Amin. My Lord, I know not how I may appear,
But I am ignorant how I am to act.
Therſ. Remain within the Covert of this Wood,
Until the ſign be given for the Combate,
And then appear upon the place appointed,
Where I will meet and fight with thee;
But ſo I'll order all the blows I give,
They ſhall not wound nor hurt thee,
For ſtill remember I muſt be the Victor.
Amin. I will endeavour to perform it ſo, [*Noiſe.*
That none ſhall know the fallacy.
Therſ. Be gone, I hear a noiſe; farewel, dear *Amintas*,
Remember that you act *Clemanthis* well. [*Exit* Therſ.
Enter

Enter ſome Fellows in Cloaks.

1 *Fell.* That's he that goes into the Wood, I know him by his Plume; are ye all ready?

2 *Fell.* Yes, for a greater Murder than the killing of a ſingle man; and here's a place as fit as we could wiſh: ſhall we ſet upon him all together?

1 *Fell.* Ay, ay, neatneſs in this affair is not required; kill him, and *Artabazes* deſires no more.

The Fellows go behind the Trees, they fight, Amintas *falls:*

Enter Iſmenis.

Iſm. Into this Wood he went, as if he knew my buſineſs;
Here we unſeen may end the difference--- [*Noiſe within.*
---Hark---What noiſe of fighting's that?
Perhaps my aid's required.

Iſm. *goes in, Scene draws open, diſcovers* Amintas *lying as dead all bloudy,* Pimante *peeping,* Iſmenes *re-enters.*

Iſm. It is *Clemanthis*, and this barbarous deed
Is done by *Artabazes*.

Enter Pimante.

Pim. Had ever Cavalier ſuch damn'd luck? I have heard it diſputed, that this ſame danger was to be courted by the Brave and Bold; but I, who took the beſt care I could whilſt the fight laſted to ſecure my ſelf by this retreat, find my ſelf even here ſurrounded with it; and poor *Clemanthis*, who, I'll warrant, came too with my deſign, has met here what he endeavoured to ſhun: yonder's *Iſmenis* too--well, we are all but men.

Iſm. Here's yet ſome breath remaining, oh *Pimante* lend thy aſſiſtance.
---*Clemanthis*, if thou yet haſt ſo much ſenſe,
Inform us how thou cam'ſt thus wounded?

Amin. Know Sir, *Therſander*---Prince of *Scythia*---
---*Therſander*---Prince of---*Scythia*--- [*Faints.*

Pim. Alas he's dead, Sir, trouble him no further.

Iſm. The Prince of *Scythia* do this!

Pim. Ay, ay, this mighty Prince, fearing to encounter a ſingle man, has ſet a dozen to kill him; mercy upon us, 'twas a bloudy fight: but, Sir, what ſhall we do with the Body?

Iſm. If I could command thee any thing, it ſhould be Silence,
Till I have met *Therſander* in his room. [Iſm. *exit.*

Pim. You ſhall command me, though I was never good at ſecrets.

Enter Cleomena, Semiris.

Cleo. Let the Coach wait at the entrance of the Wood:
I find I am a perfect Woman now,
And have my fears, and fits of Cowardiſe.

Sem. Madam, will you not ſee the Combat then?

Cleo. I dare not, ſomething here aſſures me
Clemanthis will be conquered.

Pim. Ha! the Princeſs here? on my Conſcience there was never miſchief but a Woman was at one hand on't.

Sem.

Sem. How now, *Pimante*, why do you look so scurvily?
Pim. Ah, Madam, such a sight so dismal and bloudy!
Cleo. What says he?
Pim. *Clemanthis*, Madam---
Cleo. *Clemanthis!* oh what of him?
Why my prophetick heart dost thou betray me?
Sem. For Heavens sake, Madam, reassume your courage.
Cleo. Yes---I will hear---the fatal story---out.
Pim. Truth is, Madam, to retire from the fury and noise of the Battle, I came into this Wood; and when I thought all danger past, I heard even here the noise of Swords and fighting; which endeavouring to avoid, I fell almost into the danger of them.
Sem. Leave out the History of your own Fears, and come to the business.
Pim. But ah, Madam, unseen I saw: who did I see---
Ah, who should I see but *Clemanthis*, Madam;
Fixt with his back against yon Cypress-tree,
Defending of himself against a dozen Murderers.
I was, alas, too weak to take the weaker side,
And therefore came not forth to his assistance.
Prince *Ismenis* would have taken his part, but came too late too;
But e'er he died we begg'd to know his Murderers,
And he could answer nothing but---*Thersander.*
Cleo. Remove me to the Body of my Love--- [*They lead her to* Amin. *who lies wounded: she gazes on him a while, his Face being all bloudy.*
---I will not now deplore as Women use,
But call up all my Vengeance to my aid,
Expect not so much imbecility---
From her whose Love nor Courage was made known
Sufficiently to thee, oh my *Clemanthis!*
I would not now survive thee,
Were it not weak and cowardly to die,
And leave thee unrevenged:
---Be calm, my Eyes, and let my Soul supplie ye;
A silent broken Heart must be his Sacrifice:
Ev'ry indifferent sorrow claims our Tears,
Mine do require Bloud, and 'tis with that
These must be washt away---— [*Rises, wipes her Eyes.*
Whatever I design to execute,
Pimante, and *Semiris*, I conjure ye,
Go not about to hinder, but be silent,
Or I will send this Dagger to my Heart,
Remove the Body further into th' Wood,
And strip it of these glittering Ornaments;
And let me personate this dear dead Prince:
Obey, and dress me streight, without reply.
There is not far from hence a *Druids* Cell,
A man for Piety and knowledge famous,
Thither convey the breathless Sacred Corpse,
Laid gently in my Chariot,

There.

There to be kept conceal'd till further Orders.
Sem. Ah, Madam, what is't you intend to do?
Cleo. What should I do but die---ah do not weep,
But haste to do as I commanded ye:
Haste, haste, the time and my revenge requires it.
Sem. For Heavens sake, Madam, for your Royal self,
Do not pursue this cruel fatal Enterprize;
Pity the Queen, your Servants, and all Mankind.
Cleo. Away thou feeble thing that never knewst the real joys of Love,
Or ever heard of any grief like mine;
If thou would'st give me proofs of thy esteem,
Forget all Words, all Language, but Revenge!
Let me not see so much of Woman in thee
To shed one Tear, but dress thy Eyes with fierceness,
And send me forth to meet my Love, as gay,
As if intended for my nuptial day.
That Soul that sighs in pity of my Fate,
Shall meet returns of my extreamest hate:
Pity with my Revenge must find no room;
I'll bury all but Rage within thy Toomb. [*Exeunt.*

ACT the Fourth.

SCENE the First. *A Flat Wood.*

Enter Cleomena *dress't in* Clemanthis's *Clothes*, Semiris *bearing the Cap and Feather*, Pimante *the Sword.*

Cleo. COme, my *Semiris*, you must assist a little,
---And you *Pimante*, buckle on my Sword.
Pim. I never parted with a Sword so unwillingly in my life.
Cleo. So——How dost thou like me now?
Might I not pass, thus habited, for *Clemanthis?*
Pim. Yes, Madam, till you come to the fighting-part.
Cleo. Now go, and do as I have ordered you.
Sem. Ah, Madam, though I must not wait on you to fight,
I will in death, 'tis my first act, and last of disobedience. [*Weeps.*
Cleo. Do not disturb me with thy grief, *Semiris:*
Go, leave me to my self, and thoughts of vengeance;
And thou, base Traitor-Prince, shalt buy thy Life
At such a rate shall ruine thee for ever;
And if I fall — as I believe I shall——

The

The very ſhame to know I am a Woman,
Shall make thee curſe thy Fortune and thy Arms,
If thou haſt any ſenſe of manhood left,
After the barbarous murder thou haſt done:
But if my better Fortune guide my Arm,
This Arm (whom Love direct) to meet thy Heart,
Then I ſhall die with real ſatisfaction:
The time draws on when I ſhould trie my Fate;
Aſſiſt me mighty Love in my deſign,
That I may prove no paſſion equals mine.

Sem. Madam, conſider whom you muſt encounter.

Cleo. Conſider thou who's dead, the brave *Clemanthis*! [*Weeps.*
Oh 'tis a ſhame to weep being thus attir'd,
Let me once more ſurvey my ſelf---
And yet I need not borrow reſolution:
Clemanthis, thou art murder'd, that's the word,
'Tis that creates me man, and valiant too,
And all incenſed Love can prompt me to:
Hark---hark---the joyful Summons to my death. [*Trumpets ſound.*
Go, leave me to approach it ſolemnly ——
Come, my dear Sword, from thee I muſt expect
That ſervice which my Arm may fail t' effect;
And if thou ever didſt thy Maſter love,
Be ſure each ſtroke thou mak'ſt may mortal prove. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE the Second.

After a noiſe of Trumpets at ſome diſtance and fighting---the Scene draws, and diſcovers Cleomena *and* Therſander *fighting.* Lyſander. *On one ſide ſtands the King of* Scythia *with his party: On the other, the Queen of* Dacia, Hon. Artabazes, *and her party*; Vallentio.

Therſ. What mean'ſt thou to fight as if indeed thou wert *Clemanthis*?
But ſince thou art not him thou repreſent'ſt,
Who e'er thou be'ſt 'twas indiſcreetly done,
To draw me from an order might have ſav'd thee:
——Who is't that dares aſſume *Clemanthis* ſhape? [*They fight:*
Cleo. Unworthy *Scythian*, whoſe reported Valour Cleo. *falls: he ſtoops*
Unjuſtly was admir'd, cou'dſt thou believe the covert of the Wood *to look on her.*
Cou'd hide thy Treaſon---*Treaſon which thou durſt own too?* [*A cry of joy on the*
Therſ. Ah! *Cleomena*, is it you? Scythians *ſide.*
What have I done that could ſo far tranſport you?
Clemanthis boldneſs has incur'd your hate,
But he has been ſeverely puniſht for't;
And here in lieu of that unhappy Stranger,

Receive *Therſander* with his equal Paſſions,
But not his equal Crimes.

Cleo. Oh Villain, ſince thou haſt puniſht *Clemanthis*,
Puniſh th'unhappy *Cleomena* too,
And take her life who came to have taken thine.

Queen. 'Tis not *Clemanthis*, but my *Cleomena* ——
With whom *Therſander* fights---ah cruel Child! [*They carry her off.*

Therſ. Oh whither, whither do you bear my Goddeſs?
Return, and here reſign your ſacred load.
That whilſt 't has life it may behold the Sacrifice
That I will make of this wild wretched man
That has ſo much offended---diſobey'd.
---My Arms, my Arms, *Lyſander*, mount me ſtraight,
And let me force the diſobedient Troops;
Thoſe Coward Slaves that could behold her bleed,
And not revenge her on the Murderer:
Quickly my Arms, kill, burn, and ſcatter all;
Whilſt 'midſt the ruines of the world I fall. [*The* Scythian *Guards carry him off by force.*

Enter Iſmenes *with his Sword. They all deſcend.*

Iſm. Still thus defeated, and outſtript by Fate,
Reſolv'd betimes, but falli'd out too late;
Fortune and Love are equally unkind:
——Who can reſiſt thoſe mighty Powers combin'd? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Third. *A Priſon.*

Enter Orſames, Geron.

Ger. May I not know what 'tis afflicts you ſo?
You were not wont to hide your Soul from me.

Orſ. Nor wou'd I now, knew I but how to tell thee;
Oh *Geron*, thou haſt hitherto ſo frighted me
With thoughts of Death, by ſtories which thou tell'ſt
Of future puniſhments i'th' other world,
That now I find thou'ſt brought me to endure
Th ſe ills from Heaven thou ſay'ſt our ſins procure:
There's not a little God of all the number
That does not exerciſe his arts on me,
And practiſe power, which by my ſuffering
He grows more mighty in---I'll not endure it.

Ger. Why not, as well as I?

Orſ. Thou mayſt do what thou will; but there's a difference
(As vaſt as 'twixt the Sun and leſſer lights)
Between thy Soul and mine:
Thou canſt contented ſit whole days together,
And entertain thy Lute, that dull Companion,

Till

Till duller sleep does silence it and thee;
But I, whose active Soul despise that drouzy God,
Can even dare him in his height of power,
Then, when he ties thee to thy lazy Couch,
Where thou'rt so far from sense, thou'st lost thy Soul;
Even then, my *Geron*, my divertive Fancy
Possesses me, beyond thy waking Thought——
But, *Geron*, all was but an airy Dream;
I wak'd, and found my self a thing like thee.

Ger. What was your Dream?

Orf. Why, I will try to tell it thee——
——Methought I saw the Firmament divide,
And all the Clouds, like Curtains, drawn aside:
The Sun in all his glory, ne'er put on
So bright a Ray, nor with more lustre shon;
The Face of Heaven, too bright for mortal Eye
Appear'd, and none durst gaze upon't but I:
In *Jove*'s illustrious Throne I only sate,
Whilst all the lesser Gods did round me wait:
My Habit, such as cannot be expreft;
Iris in all her various Colours drest,
The Morning-sun, nor Sun-declining Skie,
Was half so beautiful, so gay, as I.
The brightest Stars in all Heav'ns Canopie
Were chosen out to make a Crown for me;
With which, methought, they glorifi'd my brow,
And in my hand they plac'd the Thunder too:
The World was mine, and thousands such as thou
Still as I mov'd low to the Earth did bow;
Like thronging Curls upon the wanton Sea,
They strove, and were as numerous as they:
Thither I soon descended in a Cloud,
But in the midst of the adoring Crowd,
Almighty Woman at my feet did bow,
Adorn'd with beauties more than Heaven can show.
But one among the rest (for there were store)
Whilst all did me, I did that one adore;
She did unking me, and her wondrous Eyes,
Did all my Power and Thunder too despise:
Her Smiles could calm me, and her Looks were Law;
And when she frown'd, she kept my Soul in awe.
Oh, *Geron*, while I strive to tell the rest,
I feel so strange a passion in my breast,
That though I onely do relate a Dream,
My torments here would make it real seem.

Ger. 'Tis lucky that he takes it for a Dream.

---Pray do not form Idea's in your fancy,
And ſuffer them to diſcompoſe your thoughts.
Orſ. In ſpight of your Philoſophie, they make
A ſtrange impreſſion on me.
Ger. That's perfect madneſs, Sir.
Orſ. *Geron*, I will no longer be impos'd upon,
But follow all the Dictates of my Reaſon.
-- Come, tell me, for thou haſt not done ſo yet,
How Nature made us? by what ſtrange devices:
Tell me, where 'twas you lighted on me firſt?
And how I came into thy dull poſſeſſion?
Thou ſayſt we are not born immortal,
And I remember thou wert ſtill as now,
When I could hardly call upon thy name,
But as thou would'ſt inſtruct my liſping Tongue;
And when I ask'd thee who inſtructed thee,
Thou'ſt ſigh, and ſay a man, out-worn by Age,
And now laid low in earth---But tell me, *Geron*,
When time has waſted thee, for thou art decaying,
Where ſhall I find ſome new-made work of Nature,
To teach thoſe Precepts to, I've learnt of thee?
——Why art thou ſilent now?
Ger. You ought not, Sir, to prie into the hidden ſecrets of the Gods.
Orſ. Come, tell not me of Secrets, nor of Gods ——
What is't thou ſtudieſt for, more new devices?
Out with 'em---this ſullenneſs betrays thee;
And I have been too long impos'd upon.
I find my ſelf enlightned on the ſudden,
And every thing I ſee inſtructs my Reaſon;
'T has been enſlav'd by thee---come, out with it.
Ger. I dare not, Sir.
Orſ. Who is't thou fear'ſt?
Ger. The anger of the Gods,
Who will not have their high Decrees reveal'd,
'Till they themſelves unfold 'em in their Oracles.
Orſ. What are thoſe Oracles?
Ger. Heavenly Voyces, Sir, that expound what's writ
In the eternal Book of Deſtiny.
Orſ. I'll know what's writ in that eternal Book,
Or let thee know what it contains of thee.
Ger. What will you do?
Orſ. Throw thee into the Sea; by *Jupiter*, I will. [*Offers to take him up.*
Ger. Stay, *Orſames* ——
——'Tis true, I have Commands from *Cleomena*,
But yet the time is hardly ripe for the deſign.
Orſ. Begin your ſtory---or by Heaven---

Ger. I shall---When you consider who I am,
With how much care and toil I've brought you up:
How I have made my aged Arms your Cradle,
And in my bosom lull'd you to your Rest:
How when you wept, my tears kept time with yours,
And how your smiles would dry again those showers;
You will believe 'tis my concern for you,
And not your threats, makes me declare a truth.
Ors. Forward, my dearest *Geron*,
Whilst I as silent as a healthy sleep,
As growth of Flowers, or motion of the Air,
Attend each long'd-for Syllable thou breathest.
Ger. Be pleas'd to walk into the Garden, Sir,
And there I'll tell you wonders to ensue;
But first great Sir, your Pardon for the past. [*Kneels.*
Ors. I give it thee---Gods, this is fine indeed!
Thy Language and thy Meen are altered;
Oh how my Soul's enlarg'd already---go, lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Fourth. *Scythian Tents.*

Enter Therſander, Lyſander.

Therſ. Leave me, I will be calm,
For this same change of *Cleomena*'s habit,
Has but increas'd my love---and all my softness---
'Twas in that habit that I left *Amintas*;
Gods! has he betray'd me then?
No, I must not have so mean a thought of him;
'Tis certain that she knows I am *Therſander*---
But if the bold *Clemanthis* be *Therſander*,
Son to the Enemy of *Cleomena*;
Yet still 'tis that *Clemanthis* that ador'd her,
And whom she once made happy with her love.
But I have wounded her, and here remains [*Draws his Sword.*
The marks of my dishonour in her bloud:
Oh cruel instrument of my shameful Crime!
Must the first service thou hast rendred me
Prove to my Soul so fatal; that Sword I left *Amintas?*
Wou'd have denied obedience to this hand,
This sacrilegious hand drew it against her.

Enter King, Lyſander *solus.*

King. How now *Therſander*, what still melancholy?
Upon the first appearance of your sadness,
I thought 't had been for fighting with a Woman;

But

But now I fear that could not be the cauſe,
Unleſs 'twere fortifi'd by ſtronger paſſions;
---'Tis not impoſſible, but when you ſaw
The Eyes of *Cleomena* in the Combate,
They might diſarm your rage, and teach you love.
If this be all, I'll offer Peace in ſuch a time
As they're not able to make War againſt us,
And with it Propoſitions of a Marriage.

Therſ. Happy miſtake! great Sir;
I'll not deny the Eyes of *Cleomena*
Have given me Wounds which nothing elſe can cure;
And in that moment when I would have kill'd her,
They ſtayd my guilty hand, and overcame
The ſhameful Conquerour---
I'll ſay no more, nor give Laws to your bounty;
But if your Majeſty approve my flame,
I ſhall receive her as the greateſt bleſſing
Heaven can beſtow upon me.

King. I'm glad to find my ſon of my opinion;
For I already have propos'd it to 'em,
Which I believe they will with joy embrace.

Therſ. All but the lovely Princeſs, whoſe averſion
Is ſtill ſo great againſt our Family,
That I deſpair ſhe ever will be drawn to't.

King. They'll hardly rally up their routed Forces
To make freſh War upon us; they're at our mercy now,
And as an honour will embrace the Alliance.

Therſ. Pray Heaven they may.

King. If they refuſe, I will recal my mercy,
And make them dearly buy their ſcorn:
Come, we expect our Herauld from their Tents. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Fifth.

Enter Queen, Cleomena *in a Night-gown*, Semiris. *A Table with Pen and Ink.*

Cleo. Madam, I confeſs my ſelf unworthy of your tenderneſs.

Queen. Ah, *Cleomena!* you value my repoſe at too cheap a rate,
When you expoſe a life ſo dear to me
To ſo much danger as to fight *Therſander.*

Cleo. I am not the firſt perſon of my Sex
Has drawn a Sword upon an Enemy:
Do you not ſay he is my Father's Murderer?
And does he not deprive me of that Crown
You ſay the Gods have deſtin'd me to wear?

Queen.

Queen. 'Tis true, he's son to him that kill'd thy Father;
But bating that, he has committed nothing
But what wou'd rather cause esteem than hate.
Cleo. Pardon me, Madam, if I am forc'd to say
My Sentiments cannot correspond with yours.
Queen. What think you of a Husband in this Prince?
Cleo. How, Madam, marry *Thersander!*
Queen. The King has generously offer'd it;
My Council do approve it, and the Army
Cannot contain their Joy for the blest news.
Cleo. Gods! let the Council, and the Army perish,
E're I lose one single moment of my satisfaction:
Is this the hate which with my Milk you made me suck
For all that Race? is this th'effects of my fierce Education?
Queen. All things must be prefer'd to th' Publick good,
When joyn'd with my Commands.
Cleo. What you command, I dare not disobey;
But, Madam, I beseech you, do not claim
That cruel duty here.
Queen. You'll find it fit to change that peevish humour,
And I will leave you to consider of it. [Queen *exit.*
Cleo. Gods! marry me, marry me to *Thersander!*
No, not whilst this--- remains in my possession: [*Pulls out a Dagger.*
——I must confess it is a generous offer,
How came it in their Souls?
Sem. Madam, perhaps Love has inspir'd it.
Cleo. Hah, Love---that miracle may be:
When I reflect upon the Prince his words,
When he had vanquish'd me---I do not doubt it:
Then he confess'd he had a passion for me;
I wonder at the sudden birth of it.
Sem. Madam, your Eyes make Captives at first sight.
Cleo. Oh my dear eyes, how shall I love ye now,
For wounding more than my dull Sword could do?
'Twas Anger and Revenge that gave ye charms,
Onely to help the weakness of my Arms;
And when my Womans courage feeble grew,
My Heart did kindly send its aids to you.
And thou, *Thersander*, surely canst not blame
My cruelty, who do allow thy Flame;
Love on, love on; and if thou dost despise
All other ways, I'll kill thee with my Eyes.
She sits down and writes. *Enter a Page.*
Page. Madam, there is without an Officer
Who bad me tell your Highness that he waits.
Cleo. Admit him---and Page, give you this Letter to the Queen.

Sem.

Sem. Madam, it is *Vallentio* whom you sent for.

Enter Vallentio.

Cleo. *Vallentio*, I believe thee brave and honest.

Vall. Madam, the last I dare affirm.

Cleo. Tell me, *Vallentio*, did'st thou ever love?

Vall. Madam, your Interest, my Arms, and a brave Enemy.

Cleo. But didst thou never feel a softer passion?

Vall. Madam, I own, though with a blush I do so,
I've felt the power of two fair Eyes,
And I have wounds that yet would bleed afresh,
Should but the cruel Murthereſs appear.

Cleo. Then thou art fit to hear a secret from me;
---But first, *Vallentio*, tell me whom I am?

Vall. My Princeſs, Madam, and my General,
And one, who from your power of Beauty holds
No less Dominion o're th' adoring world,
Than from the greatness you were born to.

Cleo. And you're contented I should be your Queen?

Vall. Madam, I am---*Pimante* has been prating. [*Aside.*

Cleo. The Army too are of your mind?

Vall. I cannot answer for the Army, Madam.

Cleo. But---what think you of *Orsames?*

Vall. Madam, I think he merits to be King
In any other world but where you reign.

Cleo. And what if I would have him King of this?

Vall. Why then he shall be King, if you would have it so.

Cleo. Yes, I would have it, by my self I would;
This is the time to let the Monarch know
The glories he was born to;
Nor can I die in peace till he be crown'd. [*Aside.*
I'll have this Nation happy in a Prince;
A Prince they long in silence have bemoan'd,
Which every slight occasion breaks out loud,
And soon will raise them up to a Rebellion;
The common peoples God on Holy-days:
---And this, *Vallentio*, I have oft observ'd;
And 'tis an act too humble for my Soul,
To court my self into security.

Sem. Madam, the Gods do disapprove his Reign,
Which they not onely say shall be but short,
But bloudy and Tyrannick.

Cleo. I will expound that Oracle
Which Priests unridling make more intricate:
They said that he should reign, and so he did,
Which lasted not above a pair of hours;
But I my self will be his Oracle now,

And speak his kinder fate,
And I will have no other Priest but thee, [*To* Vallentio.
Who shall unfold the mystery in plain terms.
Val. Madam, the City and the Army are by this defeat
Enough inclin'd to hear that reason.
Cleo. *Geron* already has instructions what to do,
And you need none, wanting no resolution.
Val. If I miscarry, Madam, I'll be condemn'd
Never to look a Foe i'th' face again.
Cleo. Haste, and be prosperous--- [Vall. *exit.*
Semiris, are those Garments ready I spoke for?
Sem. Madam, they're here---but now what will you do?
Cleo. Now, I will die---and now thou know'st my will.
Sem. Ah Madam, 'tis too much you let me know,
Denying me t'attend you where you go; [*Weeps.*
With such a Guide I know I cannot err.
Cleo. Alone I'll go, the Journey is not far
In passing; though I miss the aids of Day,
Yet my *Clemanthis* lights me on my way:
Why dost thou weep? indeed thou art unkind.
Sem. I weep because you'd leave me here behind,
Doubting my love. I beg you wou'd permit
That I might give you the last proof of it.
I in your last adventure was too slow,
And will not be deni'd my duty now.
Cleo. Thou show'st a Soul so generous and free,
That I'm contented thou shou'dst follow me:
Come, dry thy Eyes, such helps we do not need:
To ease our griefs, we must not weep but bleed. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Vallentio *passing over the Stage, is met by a Rabble of Citizens.*

1 *Cit.* Well Colonel, have you delivered our grievances to the Queen?
Vall. Yes, I have.
1 *Cit.* Well, and what success? shall we have a King?
Vall. And why a King? why should you be thus earnest for a King? what good will a King do you? he's but a single man, cannot redeem the lost Victory, cannot raise up your dead members, no, nor levy new ones.
1 *Cit.* That's all one Colonel, we will have a King: for look ye, Colonel, we have thought of a King, and therefore we will have one: hah Neighbours! a substantial Reason.
All. Ay, ay, a King, a King.
Vall. I like your Resolution, but not your Reason; and must have a better than that.
1 *Cit.* Sha, Sir, we can give you many, though that's sufficient; as look you Sir, 'tis first a new thing to have a King,---a thing--a thing---we have not been acquainted with in our Age; besides, we have lost the Victory, and we are very angry with some body, and must vent it somewhere; you know, Colonel, we have

buſie Heads, working Brains, which muſt be executed ; therefore what ſay you, are we to have leave to ſhut up ſhop, and to go to work with long Staff and Bilboe, or are we to be very mutinous, and do't in ſpight of you?

Vall. You ſhall not need ; go, ſhut up your Shops, gather your Fellow-mutineers together, and meet me at the Cittadel ; but be ſure ye are well arm'd, leſt the Queens Guards prevent you.

Cit. I warrant you for honeſt true hearts enough at any miſchief, though not to go againſt the *Scythians* ; for, Colonel, we love Civil Wars, Colonel, Civil Wars.

Vall. Make haſte, and then I'll ſhew you my Orders for the Kings Deliverance.

Cit. Oh incomparable Colonel! we will raiſe thy Statue in Braſs in the Market-place, and worſhip it when we have done--- but harkey, Colonel, are we to give no Quarter?

Vall. None, to thoſe that oppoſe you.

All. No, no, none, none.

Cit. O how this will pleaſe ye all, my Mates--- [Cit. *go out.*

Enter Pimante.

Pim. Oh Colonel, the Princeſs, Colonel.

Vall. Well, Sir.

Pim. She's fled away, and none knows whither.

Vall. I left her in her Tent juſt now.

Pim. Ay, ay, Colonel, that's all one, ſhe's gone juſt as ſhe ſhou'd have been married too---there's the Devil on't ; oh the days we ſhould have ſeen ! the dancing, loving days !

Vall. Gone alone ?

Pim. No, no, that diſſembling thing *Semiris* is with her ; ſhe onely left a Letter for the Queen, which ſhe has ſent to the Prince of *Scythia.* Oh, adieu, adieu, to Love and Muſick.--- [*Goes out crying.*

Vall. This is ſtrange---if ſhe be gone, 'tis time the King were free---I'll haſte to meet the Rabble that it may not look like an act of my own. [*Exit.*

Scene Therſander's *Tent : He enters with a Letter in his hand open — with Attendants.*

Therſ. Be gone, I'll read the Letter o'er again,
And here impreſs thy cruelty, and ſee what that will do
To ſet me free.

Therſ. reads the Letter---

Finding it impoſſible to obey your unkind Commands, I am fled, and do reſolve never to marry that Barbarian, *whoſe Crimes are onely known to me ; no, nor any other that cannot bring me his head ; whereto I ſollicite* Artabazes, *and* Iſmenis *if they will obey,---*

Cleomena.

M I conſult my Reaſon and my Courage,

They.

They say I should not love this cruel Maid;
But oh my Reason, you're too weak to counsel;
I'll think of nothing then but dying for her,
Since 'tis my Life she asks, and here demands it;
But 'tis in vain to arm my happy Rivals,
For I my self can more devoutly serve you.
'Tis I will pierce this unaccepted Heart,
Whose flames are found so criminal---

Enter Lysander.

Ly. Sir, there is without a Youth desires admittance.

Therſ. From whom comes he?

Ly. He would not tell me that, but has a Letter,
Which he'll deliver onely to your Highness.

Therſ. Bring him in, it may be from *Amintas*.

Enter Cleomena *dress't like a Country-Shepherd, comes bowing to him, gives him a Note.*

Therſ. reads to himself----

Guard thee well, Therſander; *for thou shalt die by the hand that brings thee this.* [*She stabs him; he falls into* Lysander's *Arms.*

Cleo. Here's to thee, dear *Clemanthis*---

Ly. Help, Treason, help-----

Therſ. Ah lovely Youth, who taught thee so much cruelty?
And why that Language with that angry blow?

Cleo. Behold this face, and then inform thy self. [*Discovers her self.*

Therſ. 'Tis *Cleomena!* oh ye Gods, I thank ye!
It is her hand that wounds me;
And I'll receive my death with perfect joy,
If I may be permitted but to kiss
That blessed hand that sent it.

Enter King, *Guard.*

King. Therſander murther'd! oh inhumane deed!
Drag the Traitor to a Dungeon, till we have
Invented unheard-of Tortures to destroy him by--- [*The Guards seize* Cleo. *and*
My Wounds are deep as thine, my dear *Theasander*; Sem. *who was just entring.*
Oh fatal day, wherein one fatal stroke
Has laid the hopes of *Scythia* in his Tomb! [*The Guards go to carry* Cleo. *and*

Therſ. Oh stay, and do not bear so rudely off. Sem. Therſ. *calls 'em back.*
Treasures you cannot value.
---Sir,---do not treat her as my Murtherer,
But as my Soveraign Deity---
Instead of Fetters, give her Crowns and Scepters;
And let her be conducted into *Dacia*,
With all the Triumphs of a Conquerour.
For me, no other glory I desire,
Than at her feet thus willingly t' expire. [*Goes to throw himself at her feet, they prevent it, and go off.*

ACT the Fifth.

SCENE the First.

A Council-Table: the King of Scythia *seated on a Throne, Officers Attendands, and Guards.*

King. BRing the fair Prisoner forth, and let's examine
What Reasons could inspire her with this cruelty?
---How beautiful she is! [*Gazes on her.*

Enter Cleomena, *in Fetters*, Lysander *with the Guard.*

Cleo. Thy silence seems to license me to speak,
And tell thee King that now our faults are equal;
My Father thou hast kill'd, and I thy Son;
This will suffice to tell thee who I am:
---Now take my Life since I have taken his,
And thou shalt see I neither will implore
Thy needless Clemency by word or sign:
But if my Birth or Sex can merit ought,
Suffer me not to languish any longer
Under these shameful Irons. [*With scorn.*

King. Cruel as fair, 'tis with too much Injustice
Thou sayst our Crimes are equal;
For thou hast kill'd a Prince that did adore thee;
And I depriv'd thy Father of his life
When he assaulted mine in open field,
And so, as cannot leave a stain on thee,
Or give the Cause to say I've done thee wrong.
But if I had, wherefore (oh cruel Maid)
Didst thou not spare that Heart that di'd for thee,
And bend thy Rage against thy Father's Foe?
But thou well knew'st in killing of *Thersander*,
The Fathers life would quickly follow after.

Cleo. I will not seek excuses for my actions,
But I protest to thee before the Gods,
It was not to revenge my self on thee
I kill'd thy Son;
But what he suffered was for his own sin,
For he has bar'd me from the all on earth
That could compleat my happiness — [*Weeps.*

-And

—And now dispose my destiny as you please,
Only remember that I am a Woman.
King. What thou hast said will find but little credit:
—But yet—*Thersander* lives;
And if it please the Gods to spare that life,
I shall have generosity enough
To set thee free in favour of thy Sex
And my *Thersanders* love.
Cleo. Not dead! why should the Gods protect him?
King. Her Soul is sure possest with some despair:
Madam, I doubt you need not fear his life,
He will obey and die as you desire— [*Weeps.*
But not with satisfaction till he see you
Conducted into *Dacia.*
I should not of my self have been so generous
T' have given you freedom with the life of him
Who did deserve a kinder destiny;
But 'tis his will,—and possibly his last,
Therefore you're free, and may depart this Camp
Whene'er you please; onely this favour grant,
(If an unhappy King may hope for any)
You'll suffer him to take his last farewell. [*Weeps.*
Cleo. Immortal Gods! how can it be a man
Whose wickedness arm'd me against his life,
Shou'd shew such virtue in the rest of's Actions!
—Sir, I will see the Prince,
Not as the price of what you offer'd me,
But that he may confess he did deserve
A death less glorious than I have given him:
And I shall take it well if he will own
That which may justifie my offence to you.
King. Madam, I thank you—
—Dismiss her Fetters, and if she please
Let her have Garments suitable to her Sex,
Onely the Guards attend her at a distance. [*Go out severally.*

SCENE the Second. *The Grove.*

Enter Amintas *dress't like a Shepherd,* Urania *like a Shepherdess, the Druid,* Lyces, *and other dancing Swains,* &c.

Druid. Sir, I'm afraid you made too bold a venture;
And though your wounds were more numerous than dangerous,
I am not willing you should trust 'em to the Air.
Amin. Father, your skill has wrought a perfect Cure,

For

For which, the life you sav'd you shall command.
Ura. Me too h' has cur'd of all my jealous fears,
By this eternal Knot 'twixt thee and me
Which he has has tied, and Fate can ne'er undo:
---Farther--- to you I owe *Amintas* liberty;
To you his Life: and now for all my joys,
Which if my future service can repay,
Command with freedom her you have preserv'd.
Amin. Come, dear *Urania*, let's hasten to the Camp;
For I impatient grow to see my Prince:
Heaven knows what my mishap may have procur'd him.
Ura. How loth I am to leave these pretty Shades,
The Gods and Nature have design'd for love:
Oh, my *Amintas*, wou'd I were what I seem,
And thou some humble Villager hard by,
That knew no other pleasure than to love,
To feed thy little Herd, to tune a Pipe,
To which the Nymphs should listen all the day;
We'd taste the waters of these Chrystal Springs,
Which more delight than all delicious Wines;
And being weary, on a bed of Moss,
Having no other Canopie but Trees,
We'd lay us down and tell a thousand stories.
Amin. For ever so I'd be content to dwell;
I wou'd put off all frightful marks of War,
And wou'd appear as soft and calm to thee,
As are thy Eyes when silently they wound.
An Army I wou'd quit to lead thy Flock,
And more esteem a Chaplet wreath'd by thee,
Than the victorious Lawrel:
—But come, Love makes us idle.
Druid. My Prayers ever go along with you; ---
And your fair Bride, *Urania*, I could wish
My youth and vigour were as heretofore:
When onely Courts and Camps could make me happy,
And then I wou'd not bid farewel so soon---
To so much virtue as I've found in you.
Amin. I humbly thank you Father, for a goodness
That shames my poor returns.
Come pretty *Lycas*, and thou honest *Damon*,
With all the rest of our kind train;
Let's hasten to the Camp, during this Truce
Your little Rustick sports will find a welcome.
Ura. There are no Women in the Camp, my Lord.
Amin. No matter, thou canst not hate a Souldier,
Since I am one: and you must be obedient,

And

And learn to bear my Bow and Arrows now.
It is the duty of a *Scythians* Wife.
Ura. She that can claim *Amintas* by ſuch ties,
May find a ſafety whereſoe'er ſhe flies. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Third. *A Priſon.*

Enter Orſames *joyful, and* Geron.

Orſ. Am I indeed a King?
And is there ſuch a thing as fair *Olympia?*
Hadſt thou not been the firſt had told me this,
By Heaven thou'dſt di'd for thus concealing it;
Not all the obligations of my Youth
Should have preſerv'd thee.
Ger. Till now I wanted opportunity;
For had you known your quality before,
You would have grown impatient of the Crown,
And by that haſte have overthrown your Intereſt.
Orſ. And canſt thou now provide againſt my ignorance!
Ger. Sir, we have gain'd the Army on our ſide.
Orſ. What's that?
Ger. Thoſe numbers that I told you ſhould adore you.
Orſ. When ſhall I ſee them, *Geron?*
Ger. E'relong, Sir: ſhould your deliverance
Be wrought by any other means than theirs,
It were to ſnatch a glory from their hands
Which they deſign their onely recompence.
Orſ. Oh how I am tranſported with the Joy!
But *Geron*, art thou ſure we do not dream?
Ger. Then life it ſelf's a Dream---.
---Hark, I here a noiſe--- [*Noiſe.*
Within. Kill the Dog---down with him.
Orſ. Oh how I'm raviſht with this unknown noiſe!
Within. Break down the Priſon-walls and Gates, and force your paſſage---
Enter Vallentio *followed by a Rabble of Citizens and Officers, tearing in the Keeper all bloudy.*
Vall. No killing to day, my Fellow-ſouldiers, if you can help it; we will not ſtain our Tryumphs in bloud--- [*They all ſtand and gaze.* Orſ. *gazes on them.*
Ye Gods inſtruct me where to bow my Knee---.
But this alone muſt be the Deity--- [*Kneels.* Orſ. *lets him kneel, and gazes on him.*
1 *Cit.* Is that the King, Neighbour, in ſuch mean Clothes?
Gorel. Yes, goodman Fool, why ſhould the Colonel kneel elſe?
3 *Cit.* Oh pray Neighbour let me ſee a little, I never ſaw a King all days of my life---Lord, Lord! is that he the Colonel kneels to?

Gorel.

Gorel. What questions this ignorant fellow asks!

3 *Cit.* Good lack a day, 'tis as a man may say---'tis just such another body as one of us, onely he looks a little more terrably.

Ger. Sir, why do you let him kneel?

Orf. Rise, and let me look upon thee.

Vall. Great Sir, we come to offer you a Crown,
That long has waited for this great support:
It ought t' have been presented
In a more glorious order,
But time and your affairs permit not that.
A thousand dangers wait upon delay;
But though the World be yours, it is not safe
Depending on a fickle multitude
Whom Interest and not Reason renders just.

Orf. Thou art a wondrous man!

1 *Cit.* Good *Gorel*, stand back, and let me see a little: my Wife loves newalties abominationly, and I must tell her something about the King.

Gorel. What a pox have we to do with your Wife? stand back.

Vall. Now daign, great Sir, to arm your hand with this--- [*Gives* Orf. *a Sword, he gazes on it.*
Nay, view it well, for though it be but homely,
It carries that about it can make the wearer proud;
---an edge---pray feel it, Sir,---'t has dealt
Many a mortal wound---
See how it dares the Sun for brightness, Sir;
Or if there be a stain, it is an ornament
Dy'd in the bloud of those that were your Enemies:
It never made a blow or thrust in vain.
—— How do you like it, Sir?

Orf. So well, I know not whether this or thee
Be most agreeable to me:
You need not teach me how I am to use it,
That I will leave for those that dare offend me.
Look *Geron*, is it not a glorious object?
There's nothing but my bright *Olympia*'s eyes
That can out-glitter this.

1 *Cit.* Hah *Simon*, did he not talk bravely?

Vall. Come, Sir, 'tis time you left this Dungeon for a Throne;
For now's the time to make the world your own.

All flouting--- Vive le Roy, Vive le Roy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Fourth. *A Tent.*

Enter Cleo, *and* Semiris *dress'd as women again.*

Sem. Dear Madam, I could wish you'd sleep a while.

Cleo.

Cleo. That peace I have not been acquainted with
Since my *Clemanthis* death;
Yet now methinks my Heart's more calm and ſtill,
And I perhaps may thus expire in ſilence---
---Prithee, *Semiris*, take thy Lute and ſing to't,
Whilſt I will trie to ſleep--- [*Lies down on a Couch,* Sem. *plays and ſings.*

SONG made by *J. Wright* Eſq;

1.

Fair Nymph, remember all your ſcorn,
Will be by time repaid;
Thoſe Glories which that Face adorn,
And flouriſh as the riſing Morn,
Muſt one day ſet and fade.
Then all your cold diſdain for me,
Will but increaſe Deformity,
When ſtill the kind will lovely be.
Compaſſion is of laſting praiſe;
For that's the beauty ne'er decays.

2.

Fair Nymph, avoid thoſe ſtorms of Fate
Are to the cruel due,
The powers above, though ne'er ſo late,
Can be, when they revenge your hate,
As pitileſs as you.
Know, charming Maid, the powers Divine
Did never ſuch ſoft Eyes deſigne
To wound a heart ſo true as mine:
That God who my dear flame infus'd,
Will never ſee it thus abus'd.

Return, my dear *Clemanthis*, oh return, [Cleo. *riſes as in a Dream.*
And ſee 'tis not into thy lov'd boſom
That I have ſent my vengeance.
Sem. What mean you, Madam?
Cleo. But thou, poor Ghoſt---
Inſtead of haſting me to my revenge,
Endeavour'ſt to touch me with Compaſſion.
Sem. Madam, who is't you follow thus and ſpeak to?
Cleo. Therſander, why doſt rob me of that face?
Is't to diſarm me of my indignation?
Sem. Oh, Madam, what do you do?

Cleo. Ha! dost thou see nothing?
Sem. Not any thing.
Cleo. Yonder's the *Scythian* with *Clemanthis* Face,
Or else *Clemanthis* with *Thersander*'s Wound.
Sem. Compose your thoughts, dear Madam, 'twas a dream,
An idle dream, born from a troubled fancie:
—How was it, Madam?
Cleo. Methought I saw *Clemanthis*,
As when he was most charming to my Soul,
But pale and languishing, having a Wound.
Like that I gave his Murtherer:
To which with one of his hands he seem'd to point;
The other stretching out with passionate actions,
And gazing on me,---thus methought he spoke:
---See how you recompence my faithful sufferings,
---See the performance of your promises;
Look on this Wound which you have given my Heart,
That Heart that still ador'd you——
And yet you're not content with all these cruelties,
Though even in your anger and my death,
I still continue faithful and submissive.
——Thus spoke the lovely Phantome.

Enter Pimante.

Pim. Madam, there waits without a Servant to the Prince.
Cleo. He may come in——

Enter Lysander.

Lys. Madam, my dying Prince begs you may know
How willingly he does obey your will,
And dying still implores you wou'd believe
He's guilty of no fault but having lov'd you,
For which presumption he deserves to die;
---But 'tis not by your Dagger, but your Eyes:
That was too weak to exercise your will,
Your cruelty had power alone to kill;
And now one visit from you he implores,
And after that he'll trouble you no more. [*Weeps.*
Cleo. That I will grant to satisfie the King.
Lys. When he is dead ——
He'll send the Spirit of *Clemanthis* to you,
Who shall upbraid you with your cruelty,
And let you see, in wounding of *Thersander*,
You found the readiest way to kill *Clemanthis*.
Cleo. What means he by these words?
Lys. He humbly begs you'll pardon the rough treatment
You've had among the *Scythians*,
Whose Crown, he says, *Clemanthis* promis'd you,

And he intreats you would accept from him.

Cleo. To ſend the Spirit of *Clemanthis* to me---
How this agrees with my ſad dream!
How did thy Maſter know---
Clemanthis promis'd me the Crown of *Scythia*--- [*Advances towards Ly-*
—— Sure I have ſeen that Face before —— *ſander, and ſhe ſtarts.*
---Art not *Lyſander*, Page to *Clemanthis*?

Lyſ. Madam, I am, and ever ſerv'd that Maſter.

Cleo. How could'ſt thou then come near his Enemy?

Lyſ. Madam, it was by his command I came.

Cleo. How! could *Clemanthis* love his Murtherer?
It is no wonder then that generous Spirit
Came while I ſlept and pleaded for the Prince.

Lyſ. What means the Princeſs?

Enter Pimante.

Pim. Oh Madam, I have news to tell you that will
Make you forſwear ever fighting again.

Cleo. What mean you?

Pim. As I was paſſing through a ſtreet of Tents,
I ſaw a wounded man ſtretcht on the ground;
And going, as others did, to learn his Fate,
I heard him ſay to thoſe that ſtrove to help him,
Alas, my Friends, your ſuccours are in vain;
For now I ſee the Gods will be reveng'd
For brave *Clemanthis* murther.
How! cri'd I out, Are you then one of thoſe
Therſander ſent to kill that Cavalier?
Therſander, cry'd he, had no hand in't;
But *Artabazes* ſet us on to kill him.
Here he began to faulter in his ſpeech:
And ſure he ſpoke the truth; for 'twas his laſt.

Cleo. This looks like truth: *Therſander*'s every action
Declar'd too much of virtue and of honour,
To be the Author of ſo black a deed.
—— Tell him, I'll viſit him, and beg his pardon. [*To* Lyſander, *who bows*
—— Generous *Therſander*, if this news be true, *and goes out.*
My Eyes ſhall ſpare ſome drops for injuring you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to Therſander's *Tent, he in a Night-gown ſitting on a Couch; by him the King, Officers, Attendants to them. Enter* Cleomena, Semiris, Pimante, Lyſander. *The King riſes to meet* Cleo. *and ſeats her in a Chair by him.*

Cleo. Therſander, I am come to beg thy pardon,
If thou art innocent, as I muſt believe thee,
And here before the King to make confeſſion
Of what I did refuſe the Queen my Mother.

---Know then, I lov'd! and with a perfect paſſion,
The moſt unfortunate of men, *Clemanthis.*
His Birth I never knew, but do believe
It was Illuſtrious, as were his Actions;
But I have loſt him by a fatal accident,
That very day he ſhould have fought with you. [*Weeps.*
Therſ. Gods! where will this end? [*Aſide.*
Cleo. But e're the fatal moment of his death,
Iſmenis beg'd to know who did the Murther,
But he could anſwer nothing but *Therſander*,
And we believ'd it you:
Then Love and my Revenge made me a Souldier;
—— You know the reſt ——
And doubtleſs you've accus'd me with Ingratitude.
Therſ. No, I ſhall ne'er complain of *Cleomena*, [*He kneels before her.*
If ſhe ſtill loves *Clemanthis.*
Cleo. There needs no more to make me know that Voice:
Oh ſtay, this joy too ſuddenly ſurprizes--- [*Ready to ſwound.*
---Gently diſtil the bliſs into my Soul,
Leſt this exceſs have the effects of grief:
---Oh, my *Clemanthis!* do I hold thee faſt?
And do I find thee in the Prince of *Scythia?*
King. I loſe my Reaſon by this ſtrange encounter!
Therſ. Was't then a ſecret to my *Cleomena*,
That her *Clemanthis* was the Prince of *Scythia?*
I ſtill believ'd that was his onely crime.
Cleo. By all my joys I knew it not---but ſure
This is enchantment; for it is as certain
Theſe Eyes beheld thee dead.
Pim. Ay, and ſo did I, I'll be ſworn.
Therſ. That muſt be poor *Amintas* in my dreſs,
Whoſe ſtory when you know, you will bemoan.
Cleo. But oh my life! the cruel wound I gave thee.
Let me be well-aſſur'd it is not mortal,
Or I am loſt again.
King. The Surgeon gives me hopes; and 'twere convenient
You ſhould forbid him not to ſpeak too much ——

Enter a Souldier.

Sould. Arm, arm, great Sir, I think the Enemy
Is rallying afreſh, for the Plain is cover'd with numerous Troops,
Which ſwiftly make this way.
King. They dare not break the Truce.
Sould. I know not, Sir, but ſomething of a King I heard 'em talk of——
Cleo. It is *Vallentio* that has kept his word---
Receive 'em, Sir, as Friends, not Enemies;
It is my Brother, who ne're knew till now.
Ought of a peopled World.

King.

King. I long to ſee that Monarch, whoſe friendſhip I muſt
Court for you, fair Princeſs :
If you'll accept *Therſander* whom I offer'd,
I do not doubt an happy peace on both ſides.
Cleo. Sir, 'tis an honour which we ought to ſue for.
Therſ. And 'tis to me a bleſſing---
I wanted confidence to ask of Heaven.

Enter Orſames, Vallentio, Honorius, Artabazes, Iſmenis, *Souldiers*, &c. Orſames *dreſt gay with a Truncheon in his hand, advances firſt, is met by the King; who gaze on each other.*

Orſ. If thou be'ſt he that art *Orſames* Enemy,
I do demand a Siſter at thy hands.
King. Art thou *Orſames?*
Orſ. So I am call'd by all that yet have view'd me:
---Look on me well---
Doſt ſee no marks of grandeur in my face?
Nothing that ſpeaks me King?
King. I do believe thou art that King, and here [*Gives him* Cleomena.
I do reſign that Siſter thou demandeſt.
Orſ. It is a Woman too! another Woman!
I wou'd embrace thee, if I durſt approach thee.
Cleo. You need not fear, you may embrace your Siſter--- [Cleo. *embraces him.*
Orſ. This is the kindeſt woman I e're ſaw.
Cleo. Brother, behold this King no more your enemy,
Since I muſt pay him duty as a Father.

Enter Queen, Olympia, *Women.*

Orſ. Hah, *Olympia!* ſure 'tis an airy viſion---
Ger. Approach her, Sir, and try.
Queen. Permit a wretched Mother here to kneel.
King. Riſe, Madam, and receive me as your friend;
This pair of Lovers has united all our Intereſts. [*Points to* Cleo. *and* Therſ.
Queen. Heavens! what's this I ſee, *Clemanthis*
And the Prince of *Scythia?*
Therſ. Yes, Madam, and a man that humbly begs
The happy Title of your Son---*Honorius*,
Of you I ask the greateſt pardon--- [*Talks to* Olympia.
Orſ. I am a King, and do adore thee too,
And thou ſhalt rule a World with me, my fair;
A Sword I'll give thee, with a painted Bow,
Whence thou ſhalt ſhoot a thouſand gilded Arrows.
Olym. What to do, Sir?
Orſ. To ſave th' expence of Cruelty;
For they will kill as ſure, but rightly aim'd;
This noble Fellow told me ſo. [*To* Var

Olym.

Olym. Sir, I'll do any thing that you will have me:
But now the Queen your Mother, Sir, expects you.
Orſ. Inſtruct my Eyes, *Olympia*; for 'tis lately
I've learnt of ſome ſuch thing.
Olym. This, Sir,---you ought to kneel to her.
Orſ. Muſt I then kneel to ought but heaven and thee?
Queen. My dear *Orſames*, let my Tears make way, [*Kneels.*
Before I can aſſure thee of my joy.
Orſ. Gods! how obliging is this kind concern!
Nor all my paſſion for my fair *Olympia*
Cou'd ever yet betray me to a Tear. [*Weeps.*
Queen. Thou'lt greater need of Anger than of Tears,
Having before thy Eyes thy worſt of Enemies,
One that has long depriv'd thee of a Crown,
Through what ſhe thought her duty to the Gods;
But now repents her ſuperſtitious errour,
And humbly begs thy pardon.
Orſ. I will, if you'll implore *Olympia* but to love me.
Queen. I will, my *Orſames*; and 'tis the onely preſent
I can make to expiate my fault.
Orſ. And I'll receive her as the onely thing
Can make me both a Subject and a King.
Oh *Geron*, ſtill if this ſhould prove a Dream!
Ger. Sir, Dreams of Kings are much leſs pleaſant.

Enter Lyſander,

Lyſ. Sir, there are without ſome Shepherdeſſes
Who ſay they wou'd preſent you
Something that will not be unwelcome to your Highneſs. [*To* Therſ.
Therſ. Let them come in-----

They ſeat themſelves. Enter Amintas, Urania *maſk't, Shepherds, Shepherdeſſes, followed with Pipes or Wind-Muſick. They dance; after which* Amin. *kneels to the Prince,* Ura. *to the Princeſs.*

---My dear *Amintas*, do I find thee live!
Fortune requites my ſufferings
With too large a ſhare of happineſs.
Amin. Sir, I do live to die again for you.
Therſ. This my Divine, was he who had [*To* Cleo.
The glory to be bewail'd by you; for him you wept,
For him had almoſt dy'd.
Amin. That Balm it was, that like the Weapon-ſalve
Heals at a diſtance---
Cleo. But why, *Amintas*, did you name *Therſander*
When you were askt who wounded you?
Amin. Madam, if loſs of bloud had given me leave,
I wou'd have told him how I came ſo habited,
And who I was, though not how I was wounded.

King. Still I am in a miſt, and cannot ſee the happy path I tread.
Therſ. Anon we will explain the myſtery, Sir.
Hon. Now great *Orſames*, 'tis but juſt and fit
That you receive the Rites of Coronation,
Which is not to be paid you in a Camp;
The Court will add more to that joyful day.
King. And there we'll joyn our Souls as well as Swords,
Our Intereſts as our Familes.
Orſ. I am content that thou ſhould'ſt give me Laws:
Come, my *Vallentio*, it ſhall ne'er be ſaid
I recompenc'd thy ſervices
With any thing leſs grateful than a Woman:
——Here, I will chuſe for thee ——
And when I know what 'tis I more can do,
If there be ought beyond this gift, 'tis thine. [*Gives him* Sem.
Therſ. *Scythia* and *Dacia* now united are:
The God of Love o'recomes the God of War.

After a Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes, the Epilogue *is ſpoken by Mrs.* Bary, *as a Nymph; at his R. H. ſecond exile into* Flanders.

Epilogue.

EPILOGUE.

After our showing Play of mighty Pains,
We here present you humble Nymphs and Swains.
Our Rustick Sports sometimes may Princes please,
And Courts do oft divert in Cottages,
And prize the Joys with some young Rural Maid,
On Beds of Grass, beneath a lovely Shade,
'Bove all the Pride of City-Silts, whose Arts
Are more to gain your Purses than your Hearts:
Whose chiefest Beauty lies in being fine;
And Coyness is not Virtue, but Designe:
We use no colours to adorn the Face,
No artful Looks, nor no affected Grace.
The neighbouring Stream serves for a Looking-glass.
Ambition is not known within our Groves;
Here's no disputes for Empire, but for Loves:
The humble Swain his Birthright here enjoys,
And fears no danger from the publick Voyce.
No wrong nor insolence from busie Powers:
No Rivals here for Crowns, but those of Flowers:
His Country and his Flocks enjoys with ease,
Ranges his native Fields and Groves in peace:
Not forc'd by Arbitrary Votes to fly
To forein Shores for his security.
Our humble Tributes uncompell'd we pay,
And cheerful homage to the Lord of May:
No emulation breaks his soft repose;
Nor do his Wreaths or Virtues gain him Foes:
No politick mischiefs can disturb his Reign,
And malice won'd be busie here in vain.
Fathers and Sons just Love and Duty pay;
This knows to be indulgent, that t' obey.

Here's no Sedition hatcht, no other Plots,
But to intrap the Wolf that steals our Flocks.
Who then won'd be a King, gay Crowns to wear,
Restless his nights, thoughtful his days with care;
Whose greatness, nor whose goodness can secure
From outrages which Knaves and Fools procure?
Greatness, be gone, we banish you from hence,
Our happy state is lowly Innocence.
Here honest Wit and Mirth in triumph reigns,
Musick and Love shall ever bless our Swains,
And keep the Golden Age within our Woods and Plains.

FINIS.

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